The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO WILL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GRACE GAY.

All folded in a dream I lie,
A sweet, a radiant dream of thee,
While my dear friends, the sad-eyed stars,
Smile softly, softly down on me.
While the shadows of the bare-armed trees
Lie like a richly fretted lace,
And the clouds parmue and clasp the moon
In their cold intangible embrace.

All silent step the frozen hours
O'er lakes and isles that lie asleep,
Naught else is moving save the wings
Of midnight winds with mournful sweep;
So restless they, and yet my heart
More restless far than they can be,
Flies out through wind and gloom and dark,
In search, my dearest love, of thee.

All folded in a dream I lie,
A dream whose every thought is thine;
I dream of kisses on my brow,
I dream of warm hands clasping mine,
Of eyes so sad and yet so tender!
And thus the chilly hours go by;
And while the dusky shadows veil me,
Folded in dreams of thee I lie.

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

THE FUNERAL IN THE CHAPEL.

It was Neill's voice that spoke, but it was so faint and full of trembling that in an instant the thought flashed on me, "This man is a coward." He was close to the wall, whither he had retreated in his dread of Sir Brian, though there could have been no cause of fear, I thought, for with a groan that seemed to rend his soul, the latter fell back in his chair, and the weapon he had seized dropped beside him. I do not know the words that followed, or whether they were spoken by Sir Brian or Neill. I was listening to a noise close beside me. Some one was coming hurriedly up the way I had come, and the hurried steps and quick breathing showed that they were in haste or bore some weighty message. I thought at first that the person, whoever it might be, was about to force his way in through the little door at which I had entered; but in another instant I was convinced that it was not so, the quick steps passed by, and I almost lost their sound, when a double rap, given in a peculiar manner, sounded on the hall door leading into Sir Brian's room. In a moment, and almost before it had ceased to sound, it was opened. Old Donohue's voice spoke,

"I think there is a call for you in the turret, Sir Brian," he said. "Will you come over at once? It may be my own fancy, but I was mindful of your orders to come at once if I saw, or thought I saw, any change. I've lost a little time, for I first came by the way under the arch that leads into the parlor overhead, but I found the door fixed beyond my power to move it."

"I fastened it, as I have just told Sir Brian," Neill said, and his voice must have been the first intimation Donohue had of his presence. Either he stood in the shadow of the open door, or intent on his errand, the old man had not looked beyond Sir Brian, who from the sound of his speaking, stood directly before him. At any rate he paused, quite confounded, and when he opened his lips again it was with a very apparent restraint, as if he had good cause for distrusting such a listener.

"I have been uselessly startled," he said. "I am old and likely to be easily alarmed. Perhaps I do wrong. I beg you will blame me if it is so."

"Come this way," interrupted Sir Brian, and laid his hand upon the door, against which I had leaned listening. I started back, and was out in the dark conservatory, thence into the dimly lighted hall and up the wide stairs, all so quickly, that whilst I was already in the shelter of the friendly arch, I heard the door I had left open close behind him. He had evidently stopped to speak to Neill, for I heard him say in leaving, "Let me find you here when I return."

I had had enough of adventure for that one night, and so I made what speed I might to reach my room and get into bed. Lying there with a general sense of being very guilty, and an entire inability to be shocked or penitent for being so, I took a glance round the room, and was convinced that Madge had been back during my absence. The doors of the two presses it contained stood wide open, the curtains were raised and thrown across the backs of chairs, and an appearance of a hasty search having been prosecuted for some missing person or thing, was the prevailing feature of the apartment. Not for an instant doubting that my truant self was the object of investigation, I lay still, expecting her return with less dread than I should have been a prey to, had I not been filled with distressing conjecture about Sir Brian and Neill. She came like a breathless Nemesis, with an air of desperate distraction, that changed to wrath the moment she caught sight of my peaceful figure.

"Arra, is it there ye are, Miss Honora?, Faith it's well I've found ye, for I was going to have the great bell rung for ye and raise the whole country to the search. I've been tearing up one passage, and down another like a hound, wid my heart bating and my knees trimbling, and the breath just lavin' me wid fear. Ye thankless young heart-break that ye are, whativer possist ye to give me this chase? Sure, in my fright I tuk out ov the house across the lawn like a craythur that had lost my raison, for, thinks I to mysilf, if she falls in wid the White Lady it'll be the last iver known ov her, and what wid running and screaming fer ye under me breath for fear Sir Brian should hear me, I was in a quare way intirely, and I comes plump into ould Donohue's arms, though I can't for the life ov me think whativer sint the ould craythur, wandering at that hour, any more nor mesilf." Here she made her first breathless pause, and repenting evidently having for one instant allowed her curiosity to get the better of her wrath, demanded with renewed anger in her tone, "And what have ye to say for yersilf?"

Utterly at a loss what to say that would deprecate her resentment, I chose the only course that seemed open to me, and began to upbraid her in return.

"Why did you go away and leave me for a whole long evening in this dreadfully quiet room?" I asked. "I had no books here, and Sir Brian's door was closed, so what could I do but wander out on the lower balcony for awhile. I don't mean to offend you, Madge, I'm sure."

"Saints in glory be about me, darlin'," cried Madge in a tearful manner, from which the angry clouds were fast dissolving. "Sure don't ye know that it's Sir Brian's orders that I niver lose sight ov ye day or night, an' haven't I given him me solemn promise, that's as good as a sworn oath, to kape a watch over ye as strict as if ye were goin' to be carried off by the good people? Troth have I, and a purty pictur I'd be wid ye gone, the Lord knows where, tryin' to make thim sinsible that it was no fault of mine."

She had scarcely closed the doors, and rearranged the curtains, which she had been doing busily all this while, when a strange and unaccustomed hand knocked at the door. Madge started nervously, and coming quickly to the bed, tucked me in carefully before answering it. I was as much surprised as she at such an unexpected sound, and turned anxiously to see whom she would admit. Of all people in the world it was old Donohue, and he seemed as odd and flurried in his manner when he entered as we were to find him there. In his hand he held one of a few tall goblets of red and gold, curiously cut, that I had often seen on a tall glass stand in Sir Brian's room.

"It's a drink, Miss," he said in a low, trembling voice. "Just a sup of negus, please, which Sir Brian sint you. It's a cool night, you see, and there's a dull, misty wind blowing, so it's well to have something of a warming kind to keep a body in spirits."

"But," I said, half rising in my astonishment at the strange message, "I am not sick nor cold, and I don't know why I should drink it. Are you sure it comes from Sir Brian?"

He gave me a quick glance of doubt and inquiry, and repeated:

"From whom did you say, Miss?"

"Are you sure Sir Brian sends me this hot drink? because I'm not used to such things, and I would rather not take it unless it is his wish."

"I have only one master in Fogarty Castle, Miss Honora, and him I would serve in giving up my life if it was needful. He is such a true, noble spirit, that for any one to question or cavil at his lightest wish seems worse than folly to me, his devoted servant. Shall I take Sir Brian back the wine?"

"No, give it to me, please." I took it, and shrinking slightly at the spicy pungency of its taste, drained the goblet, and handed it back empty. Madge, who had stood silently at my side, now turned to the old man with a keen and searching look.

"What's wrong in the Castle to-night?" she asked."

"And what should be wrong, good Madge?" he answered.

"God knows," she said, shaking her head sighing; "but there's some stir going on, whativer it is, though I know bravely it's wastin' breath to question ye. The grave's not deeper than ould Donohue's mouth, has been a byword this many's a day."

The old man smiled and turned the goblet upside down, watching the few remaining drops trickle on the floor.

"It's an easy thing to drain an empty cup. My news was told years ago, why should I fash folks with an ould story that they've all heard till it has lost even its power to make them pity me. Shall I go over it again for you, Madge, or are you content to let it lay in the deep grave that time has dug for it and me."

"Och, Donohue, man dear, do you think I'd demane myself by stabbing sores," cried Madge, impetuously; "sure if I could be guilty of the like, it's a mane opinion I'd have of myself. No, no, good man, that's not the sort of craythur I am, let ye think what ye will ov me. The Lord make yer memory dull for ould trouble, an' yer hope bright for future pace. But what, I was manin', was my fears was riz that somethin' was wrong whin I met ye on the garden slope in sich haste makin' for Sir Brian's room; and if it was in me power to do anything for any of yez, ye know ye have only to spake the word, and I'm riddy to go widout slaping or eating, if I can do it."

"Shure we all know that you're as good as wise Madge; and if anything was wrong, wouldn't ye be the first to know it?"

Old Donohue smiled persuasively on the good soul, and then turned to me. I was looking at him fixedly, but somehow a strange distance seemed to grow and swell between us. Their voices became a soft murmur, like the distant sound of rippling water, and without a sensation of weariness or sleep, I sank away down, down into a roseate softness and delight that no words could paint or express. My eyes did not close, for I saw old Donohue linger in the doorway, watching me and feigning to talk with Madge; at last he went away, or I lost him and Madge and everything in a sweet sense of perfect peace and rest.

CHAPTER X.

A DEATH.

A cool, fresh wind struck me suddenly, and blew a quick, shivering consciousness across my frame. I was moving slowly, and my figure felt confined and uncomfortable. Some one was carrying me. I could feel the supporting arms, but I had not strength enough to move, or even open my eyes. This want of power did not disturb me; I was quietly content, and only repelled by a natural instinct from any necessity for exertion or motion of any kind. Once I heard a whisper; a voice I knew spoke close beside me; and once I felt a light branch sweep my face and scatter dew over it from all its leaves. At this I stirred and strove to unclose my eyes, but they seemed sealed by some stronger power than my own will, which soon relaxed from the effort, and sunk into the partial consciousness of a vivid dream. The cold wind ceased to blow, the air was soft and warm, with the scent of flowers upon its breath. We were ascending steps, and it seemed a laborious journey, for we went slowly, and sometimes stopped altogether to rest. At last we reached the place to which I had been brought—why, I could not tell—and he who carried me put me down very gently on a soft couch. I knew it was Sir Brian before he spoke; some instinct told me so, and now his voice confirmed it.

"Does she rest yet?" he asked.

His tone was low and sad, very sad and tender. The person to whom he spoke, answered softly in the same whispering way in which he addressed her.

"Yes, master dear, an' she looks as peaceful as a saint."

A stifled sob seemed to heave Sir Brian's bosom, and then he rose, and with a slow footstep went away.

There was a bright light in the room where he had laid me. I caught its reflection through my unclosed lids, and some little birds twittered uneasily in their cages, as if disturbed by the unwonted glare. Presently I felt I was alone. Nothing but the bright light and the little startled birds remained with me. I could hear a faint and almost indistinguishable murmuring borne toward me once in a while, and then all would be strangely silent. By-and-by Sir Brian returned, and stooping, raised me in his arms. His breast was heaving terribly; his whole frame trembled, and his breath came in convulsive starts, as he bore me to the inner chamber, that was intensely still now. He laid me down there upon another bed; and as my feet touched it, a strange chill crept upward through my heart. I was not its only occupant; I felt that as he stooped over me, shaking like a tall tree in a bitter wind, he took my loose and passive arms and twined them around something chill and marble-like, and then he drew my face nearer and nearer, till it touched an icy thing from which, spellbound though I was, I shrank and recoiled. His voice, no longer quiet and restrained, but loud, wild, and uncontrolled, broke forth as I did so, with such a fearful wail, that I can recall its shuddering echo yet.

"Oh, my poor homeless, nameless babe, don't turn from your dead mother's bosom! 'Tis the only time in all this bitter world you were ever laid there, and you'll never meet again till you're both beyond its pangs and sorrows."

Like a sound piercing the dull monotonous flow of sluggish water, this cry reached my heart. I tried to move, but my limbs seemed manacled by heavy, icy chains, whose ponderous weight mocked my efforts. At last, through what seemed a fearful struggle, I freed my arms, and meaning to clasp them around the form beside me, they fell heavily upon it, and I knew no more.

"Darlint, Miss Honora, darlint!"

It was Madge's voice, though at first I did not recognize it as anything with which I was familiar; and she had been repeating these words again and again in a still more anxious and startled way, as she found I took no notice of them. I opened my eyes when her tone had become full of distress and fright, and tried to tell her that I had heard her, but was too tired and listless to reply, when I felt my throat and mouth so strangely parched and dry, that speaking became almost impossible. Madge, with her usual quickness, understood the motion I made, and brought me a brimming glass of cool, delicious water.

"It's jist ould Donohue's posset that was too much for ye, me darlint. Whin I set watching ye so white and quiet like, wid dark lines under yer half-closed eyes, I was jest wild wid him for bringin' it; though God knows the old man had a heavy blow last night; a heavy blow, darlint."

I did not speak, I could not; a dreary weight seemed pendant over every sense; what I had seen in the night came back like a troubled dream that I could not fully understand. The only idea of which I was conscious, was a longing for more rest; and so I tried to lie down again, but Madge forestalled me by putting her arms around my waist and holding me up.

"No, Miss Honora, you musta't lay yer head down wanst more. Sure if I had to set lookin' at ye like a brathing ghost, my wits would jist be lavin' me. Jist strive to kape up till I get yer clothes on ye. Do now, miss, dear, for someway iverything seems wrong this day in Castle Reefs."

Her tone was so beseeching, that I really tried to shake off the heavy stupor that still hung around me, and obey her. By little and by little I was dressed, and then Madge brought me some breakfast; after which I felt that I had almost conquered the drowsiness that oppressed me, and in my own mind began to question and rehearse the strange scene I had either dreamed or acted in during the night.

"Madge," I said, suddenly, "did you stay here until I went to sleep last night, or did you go away when Donohue went?"

"Whist, miss," said Madge, "an' I'll tell ye the whole story. Ye see, whin I axed yer leave to go down to the lower hall, it was bekase Cornaylus an' his wife had jist stepped over from the town till pass the evenin'. Well, I'll not be tellin' ye a lie about it, Miss; an' ye see, Mrs. Maloney, the cook, made the punch, an' some way or another, Denny Finn beguiled her intil puttin' a drop more than was nadeful ov whiskey into it. Well, some way it got the better ov uz all—an' whin the ould man was here, it was as much as I could do to kape from fallin' aslape, an' him lookin' at me. He hadn't fairly turned his back, whin I wint to jist turn the kay in the door an' thin rowl meself intil me own bed, when sorra a kay I could find at all, at all; an' what wid stoopin' to look after it, the head of me got that light that I had to make off till me bed to save meself from fallin'."

"Then you went to bed almost as soon as I fell asleep, Madge?"

"Yis, Miss, as I was telling ye, by raisin' ov the strength ov the punch; and more betoken, what do I clap me eyes on the first thing whin I come in this mornin', but the kay I was looking for, sticking in the door forninst my very eyes. Which makes me have but a mane opinion of Denny Finn for overpersuadin' Mrs. Maloney wid the whiskey."

"You said something happened to Donohue, Madge. What was it?" I asked, being restless, and impatient to discover some trace to what had occurred to me; and feeling indistinctly—why I could not tell—that he was in some way connected with it.

"The worst blow that could come on the ould man has fallen now, asthore!"

Madge's face changed instantly, as she spoke, from vindictiveness against Denny Finn, to an all-absorbing pity and commiseration for the sorrow she related. Large tears swelled in her eyes; she took her apron in both hands, and striving to stay their sweeping force, cried in a broken voice:

"I haven't laid my eyes on the poor and distracted craythur since she was, nixt to Miss Nell, the country's talk for her beauty; but now that she's gone to her long home, it seems but yesterday I watched her ladin' off the dance with the grace ov the first lady in the land, or walking intil chapel between the father and mother, ivery eye admiring bonny Belle Donohue, but none ov thim so full ov pride and love as the old father's, who before the year was out broke her heart."

"Did Belle Donohue die last night?" I asked Madge this, dreading her answer more than I could tell. It came, with many sobs and tears, and seemed to ring like a knell through my empty heart.

"Yis, darlint, last night at the goin' down ov the moon, she wint home to Paradise, like the born angel she was."

I turned my face away and hid it in the cushions of the lounge where I sat. Was I Belle Donohue's daughter?—a being whose very existence had never been hinted at. Was it a monstrous dream that had possession of me last night, or was I the homeless, nameless creature Sir Brian had said? My brain throbbed distractedly with bitter, miserable thoughts. From the moment I had first looked on Sir Brian's face, a sense of love and trust was opened to me; then it was I first realized how utterly friendless my old life had been. Guy's cold kindness, compared with the loving warmth of that great heart, rose like an icy spectre from the past, and made the present bliss. The beaming eyes that met mine always with a tenderness there were no words to utter, seemed suddenly quenched in pity. "I am not his flesh and blood," my spirit groaned; "his kindness and commiseration were so great that they have seemed like love. I am not his kin, and it was only pity." This was the silent cry of my selfish heart; the mother I had lost, except that she might be dear to him, had no other place there; my life seemed shipwrecked on a stormy sea, and Sir Brian was the only beacon light that could save me. I turned to Madge, who stood wiping her eyes beside me; something wild or startled in my face struck her, for she caught my hands in hers with her shrillest exclamation of: "May the saints in glory be about us!"

"Take me to Sir Brian, Madge. I must see Sir Brian. Oh, take me to Sir Brian," I cried, weeping desperately, and falling from the sofa on my knees. "Beg him to see me just a moment. Oh, entreat and pray him to let me come to him."

Excited as I was I could not fail to mark the distracting emotions depicted on Madge's face, that made it wonderful to look at.

"Whatever in all the world made ye so wild-like, my purty lamb?" cried she, trembling. "Sure, Sir Brian is not to be seen at all, at all, to-day. Denny Finn tould me he couldn't make him take a mouthful to ate or drink, though it's past noon. An' there's orders give for a funeral at midnight, in three days' time, an' a bishop sint for to say mass, an' Mr. Neill left the castle at break ov day this mornin', an' the ould master jist broke down wid grief, an' a grand funeral ordered, as if it was for a princess, for poor Belle, bonny Belle; an' now, Miss Honora, it's yourself is going mad wid some trouble or other, an' ye'll jist break my heart."

Breathless and distressed, Madge wrung her hands and looked hopelessly around her. I would have controlled myself were it possible, for I pitied the poor woman's confusion; but the power of deciding or thinking seemed gone. A whirl and throb in my head set all steady thought at defiance, and a dreadful fear that I was friendless, that Sir Brian, my hope and shelter, was mine no more, filled me with a nameless misery, that found vent in my beating my burning head with my clasped hands and crying out:

"Sir Brian, let me see him just for a moment. Oh! I pray you let me see him!"

CHAPTER XI.

A SICKNESS.

I was very, very ill; I knew that by the hushed darkness of the room in which I lay. I felt it when I tried to speak and found my voice would not obey me beyond a faint, hoarse murmur. At first I saw no one but Madge; but by-and-by other faces began to mingle with hers; amongst them a strange one that I had never seen before, who came in with the fresh air of having ridden in the pleasant autumn wind, but became very quiet as he took off his riding cloak and approached my bed on tip-toe.

"It's the doctor, Miss," Madge said, finding my eyes fixed on him; and I no sooner heard this, than he seemed to fade away into old Donohue's wife, who bended above me weeping, and kissed the hand I stretched out to wave her off; for the thought was with me yet that any kindred but Sir Brian's kindred was dreadful to me. At one time it is evening, and I can see the tall candles burning behind a screen, and Madge's whispers sound fatigued and weary as she spreads a couch beside my bed and lies down in her gown to rest. That is my busiest time, for there are no moving figures to bring me back to the present, and I wander off to the garden at midnight and feel the dewy branches wet my brow again as I pass in Sir Brian's arms. Then I shriek out suddenly as he lays me beside the icy form upon the turret bed, and Madge springs up and soothes me like a baby in her kindly arms; and finding me quiet once more, murmurs her prayers in a low whispering tone, that brings back Sister Leoda in the convent far away. Morning comes again, and Madge arises and makes my chamber fresh with flowers, and combs and washes me like an infant. I want to speak to her then, to ask her more than I can remember or find words to say, but all strength seems to die away from me with the fever of the night, and I can only whisper "Drink," for my throat is parched and my lips are dry and broken. I lie watching the mournful face of the good creature, who never leaves me, and I long to tell her I am grateful, and I cling to her and am uneasy when any one else is by; but the lifeless sinking that comes with the daylight and departing fever, keeps me very still and passive, and sometimes I lie with my eyes partly closed, neither sleeping nor waking for hours, with a numb weight on every nerve that seems like death.

One night I look up suddenly, from tossing my head wildly on the pillows and dreaming I am out at sea. I lose the cabin of the ship that seemed to arch above me, and I see the screened light burning dimly, and Madge's couch is empty. The door leading to the hall is partly open, and suddenly a great swell of deep, solemn music comes rolling in heavy waves of melody, and fills the whole wide castle. Every crevice in the ancient building seemed to send back an echo to the glorious strain. There was no other sound in all the midnight air, but that one of heavenly flow of melody that rose in triumph over pain. It paused a moment, and the heaving boom of the great chapel organ was yet dying away, when a voice, clear, rich, and full of passionate music, burst forth:

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh take her to your care!"

implored the thrilling tones; and they were yet ringing in their wild sweetness, when Madge hurried in and threw herself on her knees beside the bed, sobbing violently. I clutched the clothes so as to arouse her; she looked up and saw my questioning eyes.

"It's Bonny Belle's funeral, darlint," she cried, weeping wildly, and apparently forgetting my weakness and everything else in the gush of feeling that the sight awakened. "The lights are burning, and the organ is playing; and the coffin, that you might lay a king in, is standin', closed, under the altar, wid Sir Brian standin' at its foot wid his head bare and his white hair shinin' like a saint's glory. Ould Donohue an' his wife is kneelin' wid the rist; and the great singer from Dublin is breaking ivery one's heart wid the song she's singing about the poor dead beauty. I niver saw the like in all my life; an' Sir Brian, wid his bowed head an' white face, an' the wonderful singin', is jist takin' the eyes out ov my head wid tears."

Suddenly Madge ceased weeping, and hurrying to me clasped me in her arms and held me back. I had felt in that one moment that my mother was being laid in the grave, and that I should stand beside her as a mourner. The thought died out under the restraining grasp of Madge, as did all other thoughts from my fevered mind, and I fell back cold and insensible, beyond even the rising swell of the organ to awake.

When next I saw Madge's face 'twas in the early morning, and I thought it looked changed. Something sharp and pale about the features, and the eyes were red and heavy as if from want of rest. "Every one is being ill," I thought, "and poor Madge has had her sickness too." She was moving about the room slowly and wearily, lifting things from chairs and folding them away in drawers; dusting the bottles that made a chemist's shop out of my little dressing-table, or smoothing the curtains that were stirring slightly in the morning air. The expression of dejection so new and unlike Madge, that had settled on her face, worried me as my eyes followed her, and I made up my mind to speak to her and discover its cause. I thought that I had uttered her name quite distinctly, but found to my surprise that no sound answered the effort, and that Madge showed no consciousness whatever of being addressed. I was so slow in coming to a conclusion on this point, that I had lain there looking and thinking a long while before it definitely presented itself to me that my voice was too weak to be heard. I was ruminating over this fact, with my eyes still fixed on Madge, when, her little offices finished, she put awny the duster she held, and came softly toward the bed. In a moment the look of dejection I had noticed was gone, and in its place a bright, beaming smile overspread her face. Up flew her hands in delight, but she immediately placed them on her lips to prevent her crying out in joyful surprise.

"My darlint Miss," she whispered, catching both my hands and covering them with kisses, and speaking with emotion, and forcing herself to suppress her voice in tearful gasps; "God be praised, ye know me; and it's like the light ov Heaven to see ye looking at me wid yer own soft, beautiful eyes—and not wid the wild, glamin' lights that were in yer head this many a night."

In her true-hearted devotion, the good soul threw herself upon her knees beside me and fairly wept with joy.

My trying to speak brought her instantly to her feet.

"Wist! alana! niver a word for the love ov life. They wur givin' up all hope ov ye, the doctors an' all; and the Lord has spared ye in His mercy! Don't throw a sthraw in the way ov yer own savin', by so much as raisin' yer hand or makin' the effort to spake a sound. Jist think till yerself, there's more hearts 'll bate for joy forbye poor Madge's, when they see the change for good in ye; but don't so much as breathe a whisper or stir a finger, for fear ye throw yerself back again. Oh good luck to the day, an' to the dawnin' of it!" cried Madge, relapsing into rejoicing. "May a blacker one niver break on her innocent young head, an' may the life that has been prayed back from death, prove a blessin' to her!"

Her words filled my whole soul with a sweet, pleasurable glow of feeling. I had been so little used to tenderness and interest, so little prized or held precious to any heart, that the newness of this sense of being valued made it exquisitely dear. At first I marvelled a little, and doubted a little. Why should they love me? I, all untrained to tenderness or winning ways? But at length I accepted it as a blessed bounty, and was filled with the joy of its possession.

Madge brought me a basin of gruel presently, and I tried to take it, lying on my back propped with pillows, and being fed by her like an infant; but smooth and delicate as it seemed, it became hard and harsh in my mouth, and I had much ado to swallow half of it.

This in nowise alarmed her, for telling me "I had done wonders wid me poor cracked lips and dhry throat," she washed my face and hands, smoothed my hair, and making me comfortable on my pillows, looked at me with unspeakable pride.

"Whin the doctor sets his face in the door, won't he be fit to jump for joy," she cried. "Faith, but doctor an' all as he is, it was wid Christian failin' he spoke last night to Sir Brian, an' tried to break his fears to him."

Madge was overcome at the recollection, but catching my questioning eye, that fastened on her at Sir Brian's name, she changed her conversation and became quite absorbed in smoothing the label of a little vial she held.

One word—I must know one word more—so with my face turned towards her, and my eyes anxiously watching for her answer, I essayed once more—"Madge." She heard me, though the sound I made was almost too low to call a word. "Madge, I must know, has Sir Brian been with me here?"

"Has he?" echoed Madge. "Thin, troth he was; a fortnight past he's barely lift yer side to take a bit ov sup no more. But if ye was to lay gould at my feet for anither word, Miss, I wouldn't listen to ye. So jist be at pace an' think ov how happy ye have made us."

More selfish than that, my thoughts refused to stir beyond the point of Sir Brian's interest in me; his ceaseless watch, his anxiety, his love. All that I had feared, with a sickening dread that made me shudder to recall it, now was a dream of doubt, and this a sweet reality of rest. He had watched and cared for me in sickness, and prayed me back to life, and I was his child—in my own heart, at least, whatever the bonds of blood might be—and I trembled as I remembered dimly the confused picture of the death of bonny Belle Donohue, and the echo of her funeral hymn came stealing through my heart. Busy with a thousand thoughts, my poor, weak mind had lost itself, when Madge brought it suddenly back.

"Arra, doctor," she cried triumphantly, as that gentleman entered the room; "arra, doctor, will ye jist look at us? See if we haven't life in our eyes an' hilth in our smile, an' if the blessin' ov the Lord haven't ris us up, in spite ov the black favor?"

The doctor checked her gently and smiled himself with kindly interest in my coming health. He was good and thoughtful to me, as every one else was; but something more consistent than dear Madge, for he answered my looks of inquiry readily, and only enforced quiet upon me when I strove to stir. He was leaning over me, cup in hand, administering a pleasant draught that had none of the remembered bitterness of the fever drinks in it, when I fixed my eyes on his face and motioned with my hand towards the library below; he considered an instant, and then hazarded:

"Sir Brian? do you want to see him?" The quick, ardent glance of acquiescence and entreaty that followed the words, made him raise his hand warningly. "Your uncle, Sir Brian, my dear," he said slowly, "is not to be trusted here just now. "It's out of the question, while you have this pulse; but I'm going to him directly, and he shall know just how you are, and that you have been thinking of him, all of which will make him very happy. To-morrow, if we are as strong as we ought to be, we'll consider the matter of meeting; but we must have the strength first that's positively necessary, even before the consideration."

My uncle! It might have been a chance word with the good doctor, but I caught at it as if it was a sound of all I could hope for or aspire to. I repeated it again and again, and thought of it with my eyes closed, when Madge whispered joyfully to herself that I was sleeping.

Once I heard his voice, or thought I heard it, just without the door. I had sunk unconsciously into slumber while busy with my many thoughts, and awoke suddenly with the sound I spoke of. It seemed to have been close beside me. I glanced around; there was no one there; the door was slightly ajar, and footsteps were retreating softly through the hall; but I heard the voice no more. At evening I was very still; so quiet that to change my position or even raise my eyelids was a great effort, and so I lay breathing gently and easily, scarcely thinking even. I was strangely averse to effort, and Madge, watching beside me, again blessed the power of sleep, which was better "nor all the doctorin' in Dublin," she added in a whisper.

By-and-by some one made known his presence at the door by a slight cough and a very slight tap, followed by a sneeze that was colossal, and a full toned "God bliss us all." Stopping for a second at the bed, to be assured that I had undergone no injury from these varied sounds, Madge hurried to the door and opened it in favor of Denny Finn.

"Good avenin' to ye, Dinny. Yer back agin, and yer wilcome to all. Yis, glory be to God, the young lady's past danger. Will ye step in? No, no! She's slapin' like a young dove, an' we can go intel the drissin' room for a bit ov chat. It seems a long day since we passed a word ov discoorse, you an' me."

Denny, whose conversation to this point had been limited to a series of piercing whispers behind his hand concerning his objections to disturbing me, now stepped in on tip-toe, and passing through to the little dressing-room, seated himself there near the open door, that Madge might keep watch on the bed.

I was glad to hear the old man's voice again; he was a pleasant, whimsical link to me between my old life at Pasco and my Fogarty existence; the only connecting thread there was between the two. He had been away here and there ever since the night "Cornylius" and his wife had spent in the servants' hall, and concerning his adventures abroad Madge now fell to questioning him, first giving him a condensed account of my weary sickness. But Denny was not himself on the subject of his travels; he had been jist philanderin' here a bit an' there a bit, as ye may say, an' glad enough he was to get back as any man wid a heart in him must be after the taste ov a day or two away from home.

Madge, evidently disappointed at hearing so little, was consoling herself with the next best thing, that of telling a great deal, and they were getting along easily into confidential whispers when the monotony of their voices soothed me to sleep.

I thought I had been dreaming some long, intensely adventurous dream, that dissolved away without a vestige left for recollection the instant I unclosed my eyes. It could not have lasted long, for my companions were still speaking as I left them in falling asleep, only they seemed more interested, and their chairs were drawn close together.

"Thady always had a tinder regard for her," (it was Denny who was speaking) "an' so it was but natural he should want to look at the corpse."

"Aye, faith was it," returned Madge, "an' the ould man wouldn't hear to it, do ye say."

"Hear to it! Not him; but he sint poor Thady off as lofty as a lord, an' says he, 'it's the face of a dead woman wasted wid grief an' pain, an' it's no sight for curus eyes.' Lord be good to us an' poor Thady, as thrue hearted a boy as iver broke bread!"

"Maybe it's grief," said Madge, "an' I hope it is, but I ivarly thought ould Donohue had a mighty high way wid him."

A little silence followed, and Madge repeated under her breath, that "to bury folk widout lavin' their friends so much as a partin' look was quare Christian ways."

"But, whist, while I tell ye something now," cried Denny suddenly. "Ye know that comrade boy ov mine, my uncle Pether's son Tim. Well, he has the quiet, nisy way wid him, ye know, but his head is full ov ould fashioned wisdom, an' for puttin' this an' that thegither I niver saw his aquail any day, at all, at all. Well, he was telling me that one ov the undertaker's men had a terrible could on his chist, an' was wheezin' away in the garden as if he would breathe his last, whin Tim offered him a warm sup ov somethin' to relave him, an' the poor craythure tuk him at his word, bein' intirely grateful for anything that would give him aise. Well, they sits down sociable like, while Tim, who has a wonderful way wid drink, begins mixin' an' swatenin', an' puttin' in hot wather an' lemon pale till the beautiful smell opened their minds to discoorse, an' they chatted away as if they'd knowed aich other all their lives. At last, says Tim, says he, dhrawin' his chair up close, an' touchin' the other fellow's elbow, while he was suppin' the hot posset, 'Is she much changed, the poor girl up yonder now?' The fellow stared at him, an' says he, 'Sorra a one ov me knows, for I niver clapt eyes on her before.' 'Thrue for you,' says Tim. 'How could ye, but thim that's livin' here knew her well for one of the greatest beauties in the whole country, an' beauty wasn't scarce thin,' says Tim, 'wid Miss Nell the Rose of the Reefs to the fore.' 'Well,' says the strange young man, 'she may be the fairest of the fair, and she may be a blackamoor for all I can tell ye, for forbye a long, thick band ov yillow hair, I niver got a squint at the corpse I was measurin', for they had her bound up in white linin like a mummy.' 'Yellow hair,' cries Tim; "yer out there, for bonny Bell's was black as a sloe.' 'I'll not gainsay ye,' says the young man, risin' whin he imptied his bowl; 'but this I'll take me davy to; you dead girl in the turret has hair falling from under the sheets they've wrapped her in, that is like the molten goold itself.' Well wid that the young man bid Tim good-avenin' an' walked off wid himself."

A long pause ensued, and then Denny inquired in an awe-struck whisper,

"What do ye think ov that, Madge, good woman?"

"What, indeed?" whispered Madge, in the same tone. "The blissin' ov the saints be about us, the golden hair an' the grand funeral seems to go thegither some way, but niver a one ov me can see one inch beyond thim."

There was a little silence, and when Denny spoke again it was standing near my bed, with the door knob in his hand.

"Mr. Neill doesn't be about much these times," he whispered. "I saw him drivin' in the lower town in an elegant coach wid the bishop, but it seems he do be kapin' away from the Reefs like."

Madge may have assented by some sign, but no other word was spoken, and the door opened and closed noiselessly after him as he retreated silently along the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Always catch a lady when she faints, but do not rumple her hair, it makes her "come to" before she is fairly ready.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'RY 16, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the paper of December 12th—which contains the opening of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL."

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—We notice that several new subscribers complain of not getting the papers back to December 12th. The mistake probably has originated in its not being expressly stated that they were *new* subscribers—and our clerks have supposed them to be old ones, who wished to begin with the first paper in January.

Those who send on clubs especially, cannot be too particular in stating whether it is The Post or the Lady's Friend they want, and who on the list are new subscribers. We are often puzzled to know whether it is the paper or the magazine is wanted—and if we fail to interpret correctly, and send the wrong periodical, we sometimes receive the most indignant kind of a remonstrance. Our subscribers, therefore, both for their own sakes and for ours, will please state everything as clearly and plainly as possible.

MODERN PAUPERISM.

It is asserted that, at the present time, thirty-five millions of dollars are annually collected and distributed to alleviate want and poverty in the city of London. It is further asserted that this enormous amount of charity does about as much harm as good—rendering begging in many cases more profitable than honest industry, and being thus a direct premium given to laziness and lying.

The fact is that there should be no indiscriminate alms-giving. Regular municipal officers, possessing the requisite power, should be appointed, whose duty should be to investigate every application for aid. And the able-bodied applicants should be put to work at fair wages in houses of industry—and the sick and incapable supported either at their homes, or in public institutions, in a simple but comfortable manner. Charity should thus be organized, and made wise and efficient. In its present disorganized condition, it does about as much harm as good.

OUR GOLD AND SILVER COINS.

We suggest, in order that the rising generation should not grow up in entire ignorance of the legal currency of the United States, that the Directors of the Public Schools should be authorized to purchase specimens for each school of our gold and silver coinage, have them securely inclosed in a glass case, and then placed where the scholars could daily see them.

It would also be well to have a table prepared by some competent person, which should state the amount of gold and silver produced in the United States during the last twenty years, and the amount which we are now producing yearly.

It would also be well to have an explanation appended, of the reasons that prevent a nation which is such a large producer of the precious metals, from being able to use them as a currency. That is, if any person, from the Secretary of the Treasury down, can be found, who is able to draw up such an explanation.

INTEMPERANCE.

One of our correspondents writes:—"Nothing from without defileth. Strong drink does not cause a man to have a single evil thought. It only shows a man's true character. It unmasks the tyrant, uncloaks the hypocrite, and ungowns the priest. It throws men off their guard and leaves them naked like Noah, and scandalizes poor human nature."

This is in accordance with the old proverb—"Wine does not invent; it only tattles." And yet we think we have seen some persons apparently entirely transformed in character and disposition by strong drink. Thus a very quiet and inoffensive man when sober, may be exceedingly quarrelsome and combative when under the effects of liquor. Probably the rule is as our correspondent puts it—but there are certainly very many exceptions.

THE SUGAR INSECT.—The little insect which infests raw sugar, is nearly if not quite the same, as the insect which causes the itch—and the "grocer's itch" is, in fact, caused by it. Tens of thousands of these little mites are often swallowed in a cup of tea or coffee, sweetened with raw sugar. The number of *acari* found in raw sugar is sometimes exceedingly great, and in no instance is the article quite free from either the insects or their eggs. Dr. Hassall (who was the first to notice their general occurrence in the raw sugar sold in London) found them in a living state in no fewer than 69 out of 72 samples. He did not detect them in a single specimen of refined sugar.

DANGERS OF STOPPING THE POST.—Mrs. J. F. G., of Brooklyn, Iowa, writes when renewing her subscription, as follows:—

"I have taken your paper for 20 years. Some 10 years ago, I thought I would stop it. But soon I found every thing going wrong. The children were cross, cows did not come up regular, I could not skim the milk without trouble, what butter I did get was not fit to use, and the chickens all got the gapes. I sent for THE POST again, and ever since all has gone right. So you may consider me a regular subscriber henceforth and for ever."

We hope Mrs. G.'s sad experience of the direful consequences which are apt to ensue from stopping THE POST, will be a warning to all others.

The Idyls of the King.

In some respects Enid is the most interesting of the Idyls. Though the first in the original, M. Dore has made it last in the order of his illustration. It is not perhaps generally known that the poem was written twenty-five or thirty years ago, and was on the very eve of publication by Messrs. Moxon & Co. when Mr. Tennyson repented him of his haste in the introduction of it to the world, and suppressed the entire edition in the warehouse in Dover street. Two copies only of this version of Enid were spared from the paper-mill, and these are kept under the strictest guard from impertinent curiosity, which might otherwise seek to drag them out. One is in the possession of Mr. Tennyson, and the other is the property of an intimate personal friend living in London. The poem as originally written, however, differs very widely from that to which M. Dore has just devoted his pencil. It is another curious fact concerning Enid that it was written, first and last, by the author in the belief that the proper pronunciation of the name was *Enid*, with the long vowel sound of e, and that, upon learning it should be called *Enid*, with the short sound, he went over every line of the poem wherein the name occurred, to assure himself that the short vowel sound of e should not be repeated to the marring of the euphony of the passage. The author found a change necessary in the very opening lines, where he had written:

The brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great order of the Table Round,
Had *wedded Enid*, Yniol's only child.

This became, under revision, "had *married* Enid," and so appears in all late editions of the work, although it still continues to be printed "wedded" in Fields, Osgood & Co.'s Half Dollar Edition.

DIGESTION OF FAT AND OILS.—There is a gland lying behind the stomach, some inches long, called *pancreas* in books of science, but familiarly sweetbread in the market, whose special office is to convert whatever is of an oleaginous nature into an emulsion, on passing out of the stomach. Otherwise it could not be digested, and appropriated for the nourishment of the body. Thus butter, lard, gravies, etc., would pass away unchanged, either chemically or mechanically, were it not for this extraordinary provision in our anatomical structure.

☞ The story of the success of the Low German novelist, Fritz Reuter, is as wonderful as anything in the history of literature. He is not far from fifty years of age, and had never published a book seven years ago. Up to that time he had lived in abject poverty, giving lessons at the rate of five or ten cents each, and wandering about the small towns of Mecklenburg and Pomerania. He is now one of the most popular writers in Germany. His last novel, "The Montagues and Capulets of Germany," sold on the day of its publication to the number of 18,000, which is equivalent to a sale of seven times that number in this country. His stories have been translated into other languages, and his copyrights have made him a rich man, so that he has built himself a beautiful villa near Eisenach, in full view of Luther's famous Warthburg.

☞ It has been demonstrated that married women on an average live until forty-five, while unmarried women do not live to be more than forty-three years of age. An exchange, therefore, charges that every man who refuses to marry shortens some woman's life just two years, and thus practically commits homicide, and follows up the allegation by calling on the grand juries to find bills against bachelors over thirty years old.

☞ A citizen of Essex county, Massachusetts, who evidently reveres the institutions of that state, writes that a few years ago, when justices of the peace in Massachusetts were made "sort of spontaneous," it was remarked to him by a friend, that "Governor Boutwell came the nearest to the Great Creator of any man living." Asking for an explanation, he said: "God made the world out of nothing; and Governor Boutwell made a justice of the peace out of the nearest to nothing possible."

☞ Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing, as the lightning.

☞ Any thing that is not worth a dollar is worthless.

☞ Le Follet tells its lady readers that "all you have to do is to wear a very high or very small head-dress, and you are decidedly fashionable."

☞ The same old woman that recently inquired at Waterbury how they turned the oil into "them 'ere iron things stickin' down from the plasterin'," (the gas pipes) drew up to an iron safe the other day, and remarked "That she never did like them awful cold air-tight stoves."

☞ Pollard says that all the important documents of the Confederacy are still concealed in the South, Jeff. Davis having taken with him in his flight only such as were of no consequence.

☞ Walter Scott's nephew splits wood in a charitable institution in Montreal.

☞ There are more Brazilian children named after Benjamin Franklin than after any other foreigner.

☞ THE DRY ROT IN MEN.—The following is one of the many good things from Dickens's pen:—"The first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be strolling anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

Are We Becoming Indians?

The Paris correspondent of the *New York World* writes:—

I find this extraordinary article in one of our newspapers. It is by M. Henry Berthoud, a well-known writer on popular science. I make no comment on it. "If one pays a little attention, he may find everywhere in Paris opportunities to make scientific observations. For instance, glovers make here for North America gloves of a peculiar form, and which an European hand could not wear. The fingers are made of a length which seems unreasonable to us, and which, nevertheless, barely suffices for the exigencies of a Yankee hand's conformation. This is the demonstration of a fact long since observed, and which a scientific man of Philadelphia made the subject of a letter to M. Pruner Bey." He says: "The Anglo-American presents from the second generation characteristics of the type which is not unlike that of the Leni Lennapes, the Iroquois, and the Cherokee Indians. The glandular system shrinks to the minimum of its normal development. The skin becomes dry as leather; it loses the warmth of color and ruddiness of cheeks, and in their stead the color of mud tinctures it in men, and an insipid paleness in women. The head decreases in size and becomes round or pointed. It is covered with smooth hair of a dark color. The neck lengthens. There is a great development of the zygomatic and masseters bones. The eyes are sunken in deep cavities which are quite near each other. The iris becomes dark; the eye's expression piercing and wild. The long bones lengthen chiefly in the upper extremity. Therefore England and France make for exportation to North America, gloves especially for this market, whose fingers are unusually long. The cavities of these fingers' bones are very narrow. Finger nails are prone to take a lengthened and sharp form. The larynx is large. The voice is hoarse and shrill. Women's pelvis becomes, in its extremities, like that of the monkey's. Another scientific American adds: "The language of Americans tends more and more in its standard phrases to become like the red men's—Indians. There is, too, a growing tendency to exclude light from houses, and a growing fondness for garish colors in clothes; tastes which are common to all savages. Let us add further, the proverbial phlegmatic character of the English gradually disappears in Yankees, and in its stead there is found an uneasy, feverish, and incessant activity, which shows itself by a constant craving to occupy the hands and by the universal habit of whittling wood. *To avoid the destruction of furniture in American hotels, all their proprietors take care to provide each traveller with sticks for them to whittle at pleasure. Such is the force of this mania the Federal Government annually votes an appropriation of money to provide the members of Congress at Washington with sticks to whittle, in order to prevent the destruction of the seats and desks of the Capitol.*" These profound and prompt modifications of the Anglo-Saxon should make a deeper impression on the mind when it is considered America has been settled by this race scarcely more than two hundred years. These phenomena strengthen the opinion of those persons who insist upon man's unity of origin. Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg asserts in his works on America, that the physical and moral characteristics of people of European origin who have made their homes in the North have become like the Iroquois, while those of the South have become like the Cherokee. He instances, among other examples, a family which has lived in Canada since its earliest colonization, which has never contracted alliance with the Aborigines; nevertheless the head of the family said to him: "We have remained Frenchmen and Normans in heart and thought, but in our features, hair, complexion, and characters we have become Hurons."

Manufacture of Whiskey.

The World gives the following recipe used by parties in New York for the manufacture of whiskey:—

40 gallons common whiskey.
40 gallons water.
3 gallons tincture of Guinea pepper.
1 quart tincture of pellitory.
2 ounces acetic ether.
1½ gallons strong tea.

The manufacturer, not content with making an imitation of the genuine liquor from pure spirits, must needs reduce the alcohol so much, by the addition of water, that it becomes necessary to resort to the alternative of giving the spirit a fictitious strength by the addition of Guinea pepper, pellitory, or grains of paradise. This method of adulteration imparts a burning taste to the spirits, and by the ignorant is considered an evidence of strength. By this means the dealer makes eighty-five gallons imitation whiskey out of forty gallons of common whiskey, by adding to the latter forty gallons of water charged with pepper, etc., and mixing in sufficient beading.

☞ Woman, first of all, should be thoroughly educated in every art and practice of domestic employment, and it should be her personal pride that she can supervise, and, if need be, labor "below stairs" and "up-stairs" as well as adorn the drawing-room; that she can work with needle or broom, as well as make melody with voice or fingers. On this solid foundation, so far as opportunity offers, all other branches of true knowledge should be securely laid.

☞ No man can put his neighbor's hat on the owner's head properly. Did you ever notice it? The owner of the tile always replaces it to suit himself.

☞ If you want to tell a man in California that his views are correct and his judgment unimpeachable, you do not say, "Sir, I heartily approve of those sentiments; intellectually they do you honor." You put it in this way: "Sir, your head is level."

☞ The editor of the Danbury (Ct.) Times recently fell upon an icy knob on the pavement. Some men would have flown into a passion, and possibly have indulged in "unecclesiastical language;" not so the journalist. He bit his lips, rubbed down the bruises, and while a benevolent smile radiated his countenance, remarked, "We don't cherish any ill will, but for light and entertaining matter, recommend to us the obituary of the man who owns this walk."

☞ In a cave at Rock Island, Illinois, a statue of an Indian maiden, of solid copper, on a pedestal seven feet high, an obelisk of solid brass, and other Indian curiosities, have been discovered.

☞ A "locomotive without steam" is on exhibition in New York. It moves by means of a system of balancing weights and springs.

A Professor's Way to Make Bread.

Professor Horsford, of Harvard University, recently delivered an interesting lecture on the "Philosophy of the Oven." He closed his remarks by giving the following special instructions for making good yeast bread:—Select good, plump, fully ripened, hard grained wheat. Have it freshly ground, and not too finely bolted. Prepare the yeast as follows: Boil thoroughly with the skins on, in one quart of water, enough potatoes to make a quart of mashed potatoes. Peel the boiled potatoes and mash them to fineness; mix intimately with them one pint of flour, and stir the whole to an emulsion with the water in which the potatoes were boiled. Cool the product to 80 deg. Farenheit, lukewarm, and add half a pint of the best baker's yeast and a tablespoonful of brown sugar. Set aside the mixture at an even temperature of about 80 deg., till it works well, or is in active fermentation. Of this yeast take half a pint to a gallon (7 lbs.) of flour, mixed with three pints of water, or two of water and one of milk, all at the temperature of about 80 degrees, add a little salt, knead thoroughly and set aside to rise at the temperature mentioned. When it has risen to nearly the full volume for the dough, divide it into loaves, knead again, set it aside at the temperature already named, till it attains the full size of the loaf, and place in an oven heated to not less than 450 degrees. Let the loaves of dough be smaller than the tins. Keep them covered with a flat tin plate or stiff paper till the dough is fully raised and the heat carried up to and sometimes maintained throughout the loaf at 212 degrees, to convert all the starch to the mucilaginous or emulsion form and destroy the ferment. Then remove the cover and permit the browning to take place. If the loaves are large a higher temperature will be required. Seven pounds of fine flour will make eight loaves of 1¼ lb. each when baked, or four of 2½ lb. each. Such yeast will keep a week in winter, and from two to four days in summer.

☞ A drama called "Miss Multon," founded on one of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels, has been brought out at the Vaudeville theatre, Paris. It made, it appears, the ladies "cry abundantly," so that it will have a long career of success, for nothing pleases French women so much as to weep at a play. Mrs. Wood is now publishing a new novel in the Lady's Friend.

☞ The interest on the funded debt of the United States, at 6 per cent., is $120,000,000 per annum. This is $17,000,000 more than the people pay for tobacco and cigars.

☞ An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could!" "Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

☞ A conceited coxcomb, with very patronizing airs, called out to an Irish laborer, "Here, you bog-trotter, come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I will treat you to a glass of whiskey." "By my word," says Pat, "an yer honor's a gentleman."

☞ The agent for the office in which we are insured says a married man should insure his life for many reasons. But the most important of all is, that it would prove a great help to his wife's second husband, and might be the means of starting him in business.

☞ The Grecian Bend has got as far east as Ellsworth. The American says it attracted a wag who remarked that "the wearer had only got her back up."

☞ A story is told of a Western lawyer, who lately attended a religious meeting, where he was called upon to offer prayer. Not being experienced in such a duty, he rose and attempted the Lord's prayer, and succeeded very well until he came to the passage, "Give us this day our daily bread;" when from the force of habit he immediately added, "with costs."

☞ A skating rink is a "glaciarum" in Montreal.

☞ Gross people are to be severely avoided, but we see no reason why one who is a grocer may not be cultivated in a friendly way.

☞ "Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church." "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were strongly opposed to having an organ in a church?" "So I am," said Friend Obadiah, "but then if thee will worship the Lord with machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

☞ "Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter.

"Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can give no account of himself."

"Of course not," replied the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

☞ Probably the most contented postmaster in the world lives at Protropavolvsk, in Kamschatka. Only one regular mail is received there annually; sometimes the mail misses, as mails do everywhere, and then the postmaster has nothing to do for two whole years. This happy official enjoys a salary of three or four hundred roubles.

☞ A beaten politician remarked, as the reason for his defeat in a debate, that his opponent happened to state just the only thing which he was not prepared to meet. "What was that?" inquired a friend. "The truth," was the reply; "nobody ever heard of a politician's stating the truth before."

☞ The Earl of Dudley is styled the Iron Earl, because his iron mines cover an area of ten square miles, and are worked by nine thousand miners.

☞ While the silkworm is dying out in the old world it is flourishing in the new. The effect of the climate of our Pacific coast is, that the best worms and most healthy eggs are produced there that can be found anywhere in the world.

☞ Mr. Norman Wiard, of this city, states there are 9,000 locomotive, 10,500 steamboats, and 50,000,000 stationary steam-boilers in this country, representing a power of over three millions of horses, or about seventeen millions workmen.

☞ A dairywoman in Indiana ornaments her rolls of butter by the impression of a set of false teeth. It looks very pretty, but doesn't sell well.

☞ There are many who contend that Satan is only an artful woman, with a pretty face and a sweet tongue. "Only"—enough we should say.

☞ It is said that since 1790 Europe has furnished the United States with 6,000,000 emigrants, whose descendants now number 20,000,000.

☞ Public worship is regularly conducted in Chicago in eight languages. That accounts for the goodness of the place.

Sensible Views.

Henry James, the philosopher, in a paper on "Woman," read by him not long ago before the "New England Woman's Club," took a quite different view of the subject from that of the advocates of women's rights. Mr. James asserted that the opposition of most men to female suffrage did not at all arise from any disposition to impose upon women, or to oppress them, but merely from a fear lest women should be somehow made more like men by means of such new conditions. The essayist was quite willing to concede that woman was better than man—was now, and had always been, the inspiration of man—but the reason man loved and was inspired by her was because she *was* woman and *not* man; and every step taken toward making her less womanly was an abrogation of her power, a laying down of her sceptre. Mr. James prayed that woman might not preach his sermons, or plead for him in courts of law. He did not object to her studying medicine, for there was nothing unnatural in finding her a ministering spirit beside a sick bed; but for the sake of all her charm, which painters had painted and singers had sung, let her not enter the arena of masculine warfare, or lay aside the gentle sweetness by means of which she holds her empire.

☞ The following appears among the regular marriage notices in the Omaha Republican: COX—HARRINGTON.—On the east half of the north-west quarter of section twenty-two (22,) township twenty-one (21) north, of range eleven (11) east, in an open sleigh, and under an open and uncloudy canopy, by the Rev. J. F. Mason; James B., only son of John Cox, of Colorado, and Ellen C., eldest daughter of Major O. Harrington, of Burt county, Nebraska.

☞ Gen. Rousseau died at New Orleans on Thursday night, after three days' illness, aged 51. John Minor Botts died on Thursday, at Culpeper, Va., aged 67.

☞ Wm. Henry Carswell was hanged on the 8th for the murder of a little girl, at Rome, New York. Chloroform was administered to him before the drop was allowed to fall.

☞ A Mendon (Vt.) clergyman accepted an invitation to a ball in that town on condition that he be allowed to deliver a sermon, which he did, at midnight, to an audience of dancers, who listened attentively to his denunciation of the pastime.

☞ A lady in Bangor (Me.) has among her chickens one which sings a little song resembling the notes of a young canary. It sings mostly at night after going to roost, but sometimes sings during the day.

☞ Louisiana is going extensively into rice culture, and expects to raise a greater crop than the Carolinas.

☞ Quite recently an Iowa hog merchant bought on the strength of a despatch from Chicago, which erroneously gave the price of dressed hogs as the price of live hogs. He lost money, sued the telegraph company, and recovered the amount.

☞ A noted politician was once asserting his entire indifference to the opinions of his opponents, and to their personal abuse. "Why," said he, "a man likened me the other day to Judas Iscariot, but I don't care." "Yes," said a bystander, "but how does Judas feel about it?"

☞ If you want to turn the heads of a hundred people at once, go late to church.

☞ The first house in San Francisco was built just twenty-three years ago.

☞ A child wanted to describe a snake to his aunt, and said it was "a thing all tail—clear up to the head."

☞ In New York, it has been discovered that the beef tongues and beef tea sold there are made of horse.

☞ It has been ascertained that fresh water, having in it a very slight percentage of phosphate of lime, does not act on lead pipes, as is apt to be the case when there are no such ingredients.

☞ A citizen of Monterey, Cal., refused to receive into his hands a telegraphic dispatch from a neighboring town, because the smallpox was raging at the place where the telegram came from. Cautious chap.

☞ PRONOUNCE THEM.—The organs of speech of young people are said to be very flexible. We propose exercise for them in pronouncing the following names of Russian towns. A traveller says he passed through Kolpinskaia, Ouschkinskaia, Tchondoskaia, Volkhooskaia, Malnvisheskaia, Bourgurnskaia, Okouloviskaia, Zarebchenkeskaia, Reschchilkooskaia, Paadsulnelchookaia. Wales is nothing to Russia for hard names.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 8000 bbls sold at $5,50@6 for superfine, $6@7 for extra, $7@8 for Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota extra family, $8,50@9,50 for Penna extra family, $9@10,50 for Ohio extra family, and $11@13 ₽ bbl for fancy brands. 300 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $7,50@8 ₽ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. About 40,000 bus sold at $1,55@2 for fair to prime red; $2,05@2,10 for amber, the latter rate for choice; $1,80 for choice No. 1 spring; $2,16@2,50 for white, according to quality. Rye—4000 bus sold at $1,60@1,62½ bus for Penna and Western. Corn—50,000 bus sold at 90@91 for new yellow; $1,12½@1,15 for old yellow; 87@95 for new white, and 90@98 for new Western mixed. Oats—About 45,000 bus sold at 73@76c for good to prime Western, and 60@65 for light Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market has been excited, and prices have advanced. Sales of 800 bbls mess Pork at $28,50@29. Mess Beef sells at $22@23,50 for city packed. Dressed Hogs sell at $13@13,50. Bacon is higher, with sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 16@19c; Excelsior Hams at 20c; Sides at 17½@18½c; Shoulders at 14@14½c. Green Meats are firmer; sales of pickled Hams at 17@18c, and Shoulders at 12@12½c. Lard is higher, with sales of 900 bbls and tcs Western at 18@20c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter is in fair demand; sales of solid packed at 30@32c, and prime Western and Penna at 33@36c. Cheese is in fair request, with sales of prime factory at 20@21c.

COTTON—The market has been active. About 1100 bales of Middlings sold in lots at 27@28c for Uplands, and 28@29½c for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $40 ₽ ton.

☞ An exhibitor of wild beasts in Paris has adopted a plan for securing his money which is respectfully submitted to bankers and bondholders generally. Every night he deposits the daily receipts of his exhibition in the cage of the most ferocious of his animals, and he has never lost a cent.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1450 head. The prices realized from 10@11 cts ₽ lb. 120 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₽ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 5@7c ₽ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₽ 100 lbs.

☞ A curious will case is on trial at Bath, Maine, the ground of action being that the will and codicil were made under the supposed influence, control, and dictation of the spirit of the deceased husband of the testatrix. There have been put into the case a large number of communications said to have been received from the spirit land.

WHAT'S THE USE?—What's the use of minding what "they say?" What's the use lying awake o' nights with the unkind remark of some false friend running through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combatting them give them character and standing. If what is said is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch, until it dies of inherent weakness.

☞ The greatest man is he who troubles himself least about the verdict that may be passed upon him by his contemporaries or posterity, but who finds in doing good, honest work, to the best of his ability under existing conditions, "its own exceeding great reward."

☞ On one of our steamers, during the war, was one regular Irishman from Cork. On one occasion he was placed on the look-out. Seeing land, he cried out, "Land away." The usual response, "Where away?" brought out the original Irish answer, "All along the shoore, sir."

☞ In Decatur, Ill., the other day, a man thought he had found a long piece of dress-goods upon the pavement. He picked up one end of it, and commenced wrapping it around his arm, when on looking around the corner he discovered a lady at the other end quietly talking to a friend. He concluded to abandon the prize.

☞ In England the average yield of wheat per acre is twenty-four bushels; in the United States, twelve bushels; in California, forty-five bushels; and in the Santa Clara Valley, ninety bushels.

☞ There are more editors unmarried than any other class of professional men, because, we suppose, the majority of them are men of fine sentiment, and do not wish to starve anybody's sister.

Good Judges think no Flavoring Extracts equal to Burnett's.

☞ The Scientific American says the city of Austin, Nevada, 6,000 feet above sea level, has an atmosphere so thin that the least physical labor causes great shortness of breath; and the atmospheric pressure is so light, that those of its 4,000 inhabitants who find it necessary to wear artificial teeth experience extreme difficulty in keeping their sets in position.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—The effect of this peerless salve is truly wonderful; cases of scald head, sores and scorbutic eruptions, that had defied every other means, yield in a few days to its cleansing and healing powers.

☞ A Connecticut legislator having become satisfied that the majority of married people desire separation, proposes to annul all existing marriages. The small minority who are satisfied with the present condition can get married again, which will be cheaper than to compel the majority to sue for divorce. (Oh!)

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when specks of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system: they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

☞ A funny incident happened in a church in Kingston, N. Y., a few Sundays ago. Owing to the absence of the minister, a lay member of the congregation was invited to read a sermon at the morning service, which he did very acceptably to those present. In the afternoon a clergyman from a neighboring place occupied the pulpit and preached a sermon. Oddly enough, it happened to be the identical sermon which the lay member had read in the morning. The congregation was thus enabled to compare two different styles of delivery.

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ FOOD OF WORK HORSES.—A horse that is in the harness every day needs an abundance of food, and the right kind. Oats make more muscle than corn, and should always form part of the food of a hard-working horse. Corn gives plumpness and imparts warmth. The colder the weather, the more corn; the harder the work, the more oats.

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jel7-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

☞ "Seventy-one railroad bills before Congress, all begging for subsidies! The mere mention of the number is a sufficient argument why Congress should resolutely put the foot down upon all of them. To favor one, and to neglect others equally deserving of patronage, would be unjust and wrong. To grant them all would be a ridiculous and criminal waste of public money and public lands, and would open the doors still wider for schemes of robbery and plunder, until at last the nation would topple over that verge of bankruptcy upon which even now it is trembling. Therefore, say we, no more subsidies to railroads!"

☞ On the night of the Presidential election the loyal inhabitants of a town not a hundred miles from the "Hub," got up an illumination in honor of the great victory. On the following morning, a lady happening to call upon an old widow-lady, in whom she was interested, spoke of the display as quite a success. "Yes," said the old lady, "it was very pretty." "Of course," said her friend, "you lighted up, too?" "Well, no," said she, "I didn't. I wanted to, but"—and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the husband she had lost twenty years before—"*I couldn't remember which side poor Jake was on!*"

Exuberant Health

Is a blessing vouchsafed to few. Even those who have been favored by nature with strong constitutions and vigorous frames are apt to neglect the precautions necessary to preserve those precious endowments. Indeed, as a rule, the more healthy and robust a man is, the more liberties he is inclined to take with his own physique. It is some consolation to the naturally weak and feeble to know that they can be so invigorated and built up, by a proper use of the means which science has placed at their disposal, as to have a much better chance of long life and exemptions from disease and pain, than the most athletic of their fellows who are foolish enough to suppose themselves invulnerable, and act accordingly.

It is not too much to say that more than half the people of the civilized world *need an occasional tonic*, to enable them to support the strain upon their bodies and minds, which the fast life of this restless age occasions. In fact, a *pure, wholesome, mild, exciting tonic* is the grand desideratum of the busy millions, and they have the article in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It is a STAMINAL MEDICINE, *i. e.*, it imparts permanent strength to weak systems and invigorates delicate constitutions. Its reputation and its sales have steadily increased. Competitive preparations have been introduced, *ad libitum*, and, so far as the public is concerned, *ad nauseam*, in the hope of rivaling it; but they have all either perished in the attempt, or been left far in the rear. It has been the *great medical success of the present century*, and it is quite certain that no proprietary medicine in this country is as widely known, or as generally used.

Ten lightning presses, running incessantly (Sunday excepted,) the whole year through, barely supply the demand for the Illustrated Almanac, in which the nature and uses of the preparation are set forth, the circulation now being over five millions a year.

jan9-4t

☞ There is lying up on the canal, at Portland, Maine, not a very great distance above the Kennebec depot, a vessel resembling in its construction a scow and flat-boat combined. The owner and builder of this specimen of marine architecture has become impressed with the idea that the world has reached such a point in regard to immorality and corruption that we are shortly to be visited by a second deluge. He has therefore taken his property (valued by some as high as six thousand dollars) and is expending it upon this ark, fifty feet long, fifteen feet wide, flat bottomed, square sterned, round bows, with a house a little aft of amidships. He is sole planner and builder, and intends, when it is completed, to furnish it with necessary provisions, and calmly await the storms from heaven and the rising of the waters.

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and Toilet Soaps. The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb22-1y

☞ Elder Knapp had been holding a protracted meeting in Arkansas, and on a certain Sunday was to have a "baptizing" of converts in the river, in the secluded locality in which the revival had taken place. As he advanced into the water with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap, he asked the usual question, whether any person knew any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. No one answered for a few moments, but at length a tall, straight, and powerful-looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning upon a long rifle, and quietly looking on, remarked: "Elder, I don't want to interfere in this yere business, any way, but I want to say I know that old cuss you've got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, and save him, you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

For Catarrh buy full Pint Bottles of Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, in white wrappers, $1. Wolcott's PAIN PAINT is also in white wrappers only. Sold at druggists. jan16-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On October 7th, 1868, by the Rev. Washington B. Erben, No. 761 South 9th st., Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Mr. THOMAS R. BIGALOW to Miss OLIVIA M. VAIL, all of Philada.

On the 21st of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOHN DICK to Miss MARIA L. CHURCHILL, both of this city.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. JAMES FRAZER to Miss MARGARET REID, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, CHARLES JOLLY, JR., to EMMA M. KLAUDER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Doctor Mann, Mr. CHARLES LOOS to Miss FANNY KRETCHMANN.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. THOMAS ANDERSON to Mrs. EMALINE ENIS, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM W. MACMINN to Miss LYDIA NEWTON, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, JACOB SHEPPARD, in his 45th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARTHA E. HIBBS, in her 35th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH DAWSON, in her 72d year.

On the 2d instant, HENRY CLAY, Sr., in his 73d year.

On the 2d instant, GEORGE W. BERRY, in his 30th year.

On the 3d instant, Mr. WILLIAM GRAHAM, in his 42th year.

On the 1st instant, MARY E., daughter of John and Catharine Turner, in her 22d year.

On the 1st instant, JAMES B. LONGACRE, in his 75th year.

On the 31st of Dec., ELIZABETH RICHAY, in her 87th year.

AMONG THE TREES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh ye who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain,
Trees of the forest and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
All unenjoyed? When on your Winter-sleep
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of Spring?
And, when the glorious spring-time comes at last,
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye strive
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,
The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not
A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,
Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?
Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud
And rends you, fall unfelt? Do there not run
Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe
Is raised against you, and the shining blade
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs
Your summits waver, and ye fall to earth?
Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
There dwells a nature that receives delight
From all the gentle processes of life,
And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside
The beds of those who languish or who die,
And minister in sadness, while our hearts
Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease
And health to the beloved sufferers.
But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope
Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.
The funeral goes forth; a silent train
Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts
Are breaking as we lay away the loved,
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,
Their little cells within the burial-place.
Ye have no part in this distress; for still
The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within;
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that Spring is near. The wind of May
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight.
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.
The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring.
The faithful robin from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer its sitting mate.
And when the Autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side,
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold.
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
The cheerfulness of nature, till in time
The constant misery which wrings the heart
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
And glory in your beauty; till once more
We look with pleasure on your vanished leaves,
That gayly glance in sunshine, and can hear,
Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history; I cannot know
Who, when the hillside trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay.
I know not who, but thank him that he left
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell,
And join these later days to that far time
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil
And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boughs
Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
Wh> planted on the slope this lofty group
Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still
It feels the breath of Spring, and every May
Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain;
Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe
This annual festival of bees, these songs
Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,
Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,
Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
With every summer spread a wider shade,
Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck
Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind
Of my smooth beeches some beloved name?
Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look
Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,
Look also on a nobler age than ours;
An age when, in the eternal strife between
Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
A grander mastery; when kings no more
Shall summon millions from the plough to learn
The trade of slaughter, and of populous realms
Make camps of war; when in our younger land
The hand of ruffian Violence that now
Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall
Unnerved before the calm rebuke of law,
And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in shame,
Back to his covert, and forego his prey.

—*Putnam's Magazine.*

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 2.

GATES.

"Then the king arose and sat in the gate." 2nd Samuel, xix: 8. A most undignified position for a sovereign, an exceedingly uncleanly and inconvenient one even for those of humbler grade. Such, doubtless, have been the reflections of every thoughtful *western* reader of the Holy Scriptures, as he marked the many allusions to "sitting in the gate," "judging in the gate," "lying in wait in the gate," and numberless others equally puzzling to those unacquainted with oriental customs. As a place for consultation, for the judgment of cases requiring investigation and careful decision at the hands of a magistrate, for the quiet communion of friends, or the arrest of offenders, it would seem to us the gate of a city was, of all places that could be selected, the one most inconvenient and undesirable. What intelligent *child*, even, can read the Old Testament, and not wonder why a king should leave his comfortable palace, descend from his gilded throne, and, in his costly oriental garb, sit down in a gateway polluted with dust and mire, where he must of necessity be jostled and run against and almost trampled on by every pedestrian entering or leaving the city. Just imagine the absurdity of a proud eastern monarch holding a court levee in such a place! Yet we are told that "David sat in the gate" after the death of Absalom, and "all the people came before the king," many doubtless to congratulate him on the complete suppression of the recent rebellion,—some to offer condolence on the death of his favorite son, and all to welcome him back to his throne and his kingdom. How could this great company have been accommodated in a *gate*-way? Another instance is that of Zedekiah, King of Judah, who is represented as "sitting in the gate of Benjamin," when the eunuch went to him in behalf of the prophet Jeremiah, when the latter had been "cast into the dungeon," and was "like to die of hunger."

Not more desirable for a *Judge* would be such a position. How could he, under such disadvantages, amid such continual clamor, and surrounded by noise, confusion, jests, and outcries, calmly consider the causes brought before him, examine witnesses, or arrive at any rational or equitable conclusion?

What a strange place for a *marriage* contract to be entered into, one that was to be witnessed by all the elders, the dignified rulers of a great nation, as in the case of Boaz and Ruth, especially as the bridegroom seems to have been a man of position and property.

Still less would a public gate be suited to the quiet self-communion that one seeks in the still hour of even, when the tired spirit would look upward and inward for relief from the jarring cares of life. Yet thus communing with himself sat "Lot in the gate of Sodom."

Again, we are told that the enemies of Samson "lay in wait for him in the gate;" and that Joab took Abner "*aside* in the gate to speak to him quietly, and smote him there, that he died." An open gate in a large eastern city, continually thronged with foot-passengers, is certainly a strange place in which to devise or carry out deeds of darkness, unless, indeed, the criminal sought detection instead of concealment.

But it is needless to multiply instances, since the above are quite sufficient to show that our *western* idea of a gate is certainly *not* the place designated as such by the sacred historians. What was meant, seems very obvious to any one who has visited eastern lands. *There*, almost all cities are walled, and in many cases the walls are of immense height and thickness, sometimes solid, but more frequently there is an inner and an outer wall, so joined with masonry at the top as to appear perfectly solid. In either case there is always a room built *in the thickness of the wall*, on each side of every gate. These rooms are more or less spacious, according to the dimensions of the wall, and the use for which the several apartments are designed; and they answer all the purposes of our public halls. One or more of these "gate-rooms," as they are called, is set aside in every eastern city for holding magisterial courts, where all petty cases among the common people, and occasionally more weighty ones, are decided.

Other rooms are arranged for the accommodations of travellers, who find there mats, and perhaps cushions for sitting or lolling, cool water, drinking-cups, fans, &c.; and as very few hotels are found in the East, these gate-rooms and the zayats on the public thoroughfares form the principal resting-places for the tired traveller. They are also common places of resort for all classes of citizens, at the closing hours of the day, for social intercourse or for the discussion of matters of general interest. *Occasionally* where there is a spacious room, a king or prince holds a sort of levee there, especially in cases where he wishes to receive foreigners, whom he does not choose to invite to his palace. Sometimes also, when an important battle is pending, the king, surrounded by his courtiers, will wait here "in the gate" to receive the first tidings from the scene of conflict, and for the convenience of transmitting orders as speedily as possible. Such was the case of Eli, mentioned in 1st Samuel, iv. 18. But this custom is less prevalent than formerly, and less among the monarchs of Southern than Western Asia. Some of these gate-rooms are very small, and are used only as lock-up-places for petty criminals. Others, somewhat more spacious, but not large enough for public assemblies, are left open to the public, and are made available for general convenience, public or private. Here friends may meet for consultation, merchants to make contracts, lovers to hold clandestine interviews; and here, doubtless, many a dark deed is planned or executed. These gate-rooms are light, airy, and comfortably fitted up—and form, on many accounts, the most convenient places that could be selected for the various purposes for which they are used. They have windows looking both within and without the city; and without even leaving his seat, a magistrate may usually secure such witnesses as he desires, by keeping a look out from the open door or windows of his office, from which every passer in or out of the city, is clearly visible. These gate-rooms are easy of access, readily found by all classes, even strangers; and both time and expense are saved by those who live in the rural districts, without the city walls, by their being able to settle their business with a magistrate at "the gate." There may be an additional reason for the continuance of the custom of holding magisterial courts at "the gate," found in the desire of the magistrate to save his client all unnecessary expense, that there may be the more left to satisfy his own extortionate claims. "*Hiat justitia ruat cælum*," is certainly *not* the ruling maxim of these oriental judges, whose grasping propensities and plastic consciences are more aptly represented by

"The border rule—the good old plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

For in all oriental countries that I have visited, a regular system of bribery prevails in all the *imperial* courts, from those under the jurisdiction of a Provincial Governor, down to petty village magistrate; and he that can offer the highest fee, is absolutely sure of a verdict in his favor. The whole government being one continuous system of vassalage from prince to peasant, the lower officers and inferior nobles being always amenable to the higher, they keep peace with their superiors, and ward off the interference of the latter by frequent costly presents, the object of which is fully understood and tacitly agreed to, though never a word is spoken by either party to the contract. So vast and complicated is this machinery under these despotic governments of Southern Asia, that there is absolutely no check upon the chicanery, bribery, and injustice under which the people groan. Could these "gate-rooms" but speak, what fearful tales of plotting and cheating would they reveal.

In the *higher* courts, however, bribes are unknown, and the offering of one would in itself be considered an unpardonable offence, inasmuch as it would be regarded as an intimation that the vassal was in a condition to confer a favor on his liege lord—a state of affairs not for a moment to be tolerated by these haughty eastern nobles, with their over-wrought ideas of *etiquette* and exclusiveness. If a noble of high rank commit a crime against the king or state, he is brought before the monarch, who in person pronounces sentence upon the offender, surrounded only by his cabinet assembled in privy counsel. These cabinet meetings are always convened at midnight in the king's palace, and their proceedings are never divulged, each member being bound by solemn oath to reveal nothing that there transpires, and the penalty of death being annexed to the slightest departure from this rule.

Except in these occasional cases in high life, every offender is judged by the peer under whose vassalage he lives, the strictest degree of etiquette being observed by each noble, not in any way to interfere with those under the jurisdiction of another. These courts are held at stated intervals either within the palaces of the nobility, or in the "gate-room," as the judge may think fit, and their surroundings are more or less gorgeous according to the rank and wealth of the chief; but all of them are absolute in power, and there is no appeal from their decisions, whether just or unjust, satisfactory or the reverse. Entirely distinct from these, and convened in different rooms, are the "gate-courts" for the benefit of the common people—those who are in no way attached to the households of the nobility. These are open every day and at all hours of the day and night, and are superintended by city magistrates, who constitute both judge and jury, and who are amenable each to the officer next above him in rank. In most oriental countries the offices of attorney and advocate are wholly unknown—each man pleads his own cause, and the judge pronounces the verdict without leaving the bench, or taking counsel of any as to the equity of his decision. Magistrates are put in office by the higher nobles, sometimes as a matter of favoritism, but more frequently quite at random, and without the slightest regard to fitness, intellectual or moral. Neither are they educated for the office, but enter upon it from some other calling, without possessing the first qualification for the important duties they are to perform, and knowing about as much of statute or common law as they do of the satellites of Jupiter.

There is yet another use made of these "gate-rooms," that may be mentioned in this connection—that is in those countries where "trial by ordeal" is still practised. If the ordeal be walking over red-hot iron, drinking some nauseous dose, or any other kind that can be conveniently administered in such a place, the trial takes place here in the "gate-room," where the case has been adjudged. Punishment, by means of fines, flogging, stocks, branding, &c., is also administered here in the presence of the magistrate; and the criminal, if belonging without, departs without having entered the city, thus according to oriental ideas *saving the city from pollution*. Witness the public executions of the Jews, which always took place *out* of the city.

Whilst on the subject of gates, it may be as well to refer to the passage, "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," &c. The large gates of these walled cities are very ponderous, and for this reason are usually kept closed, except on festive occasions; while within the large gate is a smaller one called "the needle's eye," which is nearly always open, or can be easily opened by one man. This is used for the ingress and egress of foot-passengers, and for *unloaded* beasts of burden.

Without his load, the camel can readily pass through "the needle's eye," but with any addition to his natural height the eye is too small, and the large gate must be opened to admit him. So for the rich man, who is willing to lay down all for Christ, the door of Heaven is wide enough; but the difficulty lies in the deceitfulness of riches, and the tendency of the heart to love them *supremely*, and whilst this inordinate love exists, he can no more enter Heaven than the camel can pass, with his load, through "the needle's eye." To an *oriental*, the comparison is simple, natural and beautiful.

F. R. F.

HOW I WAS RUN AWAY WITH;

OR,

The Difficult Circumstances of Captain Mannering.

PART III.

WHAT WAS DONE.

There were only ourselves in the railway carriage, and opposite to me, silent, frightened-looking, but as beautiful as the day, was Lucy Lorimer. She held out her hand to me once, and gave me a timid sort of stare with questioning eyes, as if she would ask me what I thought of her—of her who was running away with a man whom a few days before she had never seen, and running away with him too in that sense of the phrase which meant that he was not running away with her, but submitting to orders, and obeying her openly-expressed and repeatedly-declared will.

What could I think of her? asked those starry eyes from whose brilliant depths wonder and fear, hope and a longing anxiety kept raying up, and making her face quiver with the rapid changes from smiles to trembling tears. She held out her hand, and I kissed her pretty fingers; then she withdrew it in a hurry with a little shake of her arm, as if she were flinging away the modest offering I had bestowed upon her.

I could not help saying, "You are more mysterious than ever, Lucy. Have you nothing to say to me?" "Not yet." "May I talk to you?" "No, no." "Why not?" "Oh, you might talk nonsense." I laughed outright. Her face was a lovely picture of almost absurd terror. "Be quiet, be at rest," I said; "I will talk of the weather till we are in the respectable company of good Mrs. Brotherton." "I will talk before that," she said.

She leaned back in the carriage with an expression of pitiable weariness. She closed her eyes, but it was in thought, not sleepiness, and her face was a study to look upon. I *did* look on it. I gazed freely on her exquisite loveliness, and with the profoundest respect, for now I *knew*—though I had always known it, I think, in a general sort of indescribable way, rather through the feelings than the brain—I knew that I was not going to marry Lucy, and that she had not run away with any intention of becoming my wife.

When I had seen big tears roll down her pale cheek slowly, and at intervals, for some time, I ventured to speak to her again. "Surely," I said, "you are not doing well to trust me so little."

"Little!" she cried, choking a sob and dashing away the tear-drops; "oh! Captain Mannering, have I trusted you only a little?"

"I want to be talked to; I want to know the next move in the game."

"By-and-by; I cannot speak yet. Please to trust me a little longer. I cannot talk to you, because the time for speech is not come." So she leaned back again with her face turned away and half-hidden against the side of the carriage. I determined not to speak any more. I bought a newspaper, and I pretended to read it.

At last, when we came to a certain station, she roused herself. "This is the last, is it not?" "Yes," I answered. "How long do they stay?" "Five minutes. It is the express, you know, and there is no more stopping till we get to London."

"That is what I thought. There! we are off; Captain Mannering, I can speak." She held out her hand. I took it. "Thank you," she said; "I thank you solemnly for the good deed you have done. I am free. I am as happy as I can be till—till—well, never mind; but I shall be happier soon."

She looked radiantly beautiful. All the trouble and fear had gone out of her face, and not a single dash of drollery was upon it, but a clear, courageous, open-eyed happiness spread itself all over her countenance and illuminated its loveliness. A little brave lioness of a woman she was, so strong and so gentle, so generous and so determined. I felt my own face grow bright as I looked at hers.

"Come, tell me, Captain Mannering, have I quite puzzled you?"

"Quite."

"Are you really here, and can't guess why?"

"I cannot guess; and, besides, I think I have learnt to be patient, so I do not try."

"I think you are a good man, and kind, and ready, at some risk, to protect a woman."

"Well," I said, "I have no such grand opinion of myself. I fell in with an obstinate little witch, and I am the captive of her will, travelling as her slave, caught in her toils, but knowing that she shall suffer no wrong while she keeps me in her service."

She listened eagerly, and gravely answered, "Thank you;" then, after a minute, "Please go on reading your newspaper again, Captain Mannering. If you had demanded an explanation, now that you cannot jump out at a station or give me in charge to a policeman, I could have given you one; but, just at present, I would rather not. Besides, you are trusting me, and I like that very much." So I retreated behind the open sheet of an evening paper.

Soon I saw she was getting eager and anxious. Her longing glances were cast out at the flying landscape; then she could with difficulty conceal her agitation, and she began with trembling hands to adjust the fastening of a long cloak in which she was well wrapped up. "Let me do that," I said; "you are positively shaking." She burst into tears. "I want to thank you once more. Never forget how thankful you have made me this day. I hope I shall not lose courage now the moment has arrived. Do not ask Mrs. Brotherton anything—oh! we are come, we are come! I mean keep close to me like—like *a brother*, Captain Mannering." "Yes; don't doubt me now," I said; and then we steamed into the station, and London was reached.

Almost immediately, a very well-dressed elderly woman came to our carriage; there was a footman in livery by her side. I looked at Lucy; she was very pale. I said, "I shall keep by you, and obey you, will that do?" "Yes, yes. Dear Mrs. Brotherton, this is Captain Mannering." Mrs. Brotherton gave me a quiet glance, but did not speak. I was out of the carriage and had helped Lucy out. She trembled so from head to foot that she could not stand without help. The servant stood by a carriage door, and we three got in. Then we drove away. I looked at Mrs. Brotherton. She had a good, kind face, and there was a peculiar seriousness in it, I thought. She looked at Lucy, still trembling, literally shaking in the corner of the carriage. "My darling," she said, "if you are uncertain—" "No, no!" cried Lucy, almost loudly, for she had lost the command of her sweet voice, so great was her agitation. Mrs. Brotherton smiled. "I wish we could cure this tremor," she said. "I am only foolish," said Lucy; "I am so angry with myself;" and then she covered her face with her handkerchief and dropped her head on her friend's shoulder and wept good natural tears.

The carriage stopped, and we all got out at an entrance door in a wall. Through this door we went straight into a flagged passage. Lucy put her arm in mine. Another door was opened, and in an odd sort of room, lying on a sofa, was a man, evidently very ill, with a person standing by him whom I knew perfectly well, as he had acted as my own servant in India. This man, as soon as we entered, left the room by another door; and Lucy, who had recovered all her strength, and whose cheeks were covered with a bright blush of joy, stepped forwards and stooped down to that sick man's breast and put her arms round him tenderly, hiding her face in his curling dark beard. She never spoke. He said, "I cannot move without help, you know, or I would not receive you thus. Where's Mannering?"

Still Lucy never moved; she had dropped upon her knees, and did not seem to hear him. Of course I knew that the man was Charlie Moore; but how he, whom I had left in India as one of the finest men in the service, had got into this pitiable condition I could not imagine. Mrs. Brotherton and I walked to a window that had a miserable look-out on coarse grass, an ill-kept pathway, and a dreary bit of wall, and then it suddenly struck me that we might be in the vestry-room of a church; and that the scrap of outer world on which I gazed through those dull window-panes was a neglected corner of a disused burial-ground. I should have asked Mrs. Brotherton, but she was murmuring certain sentences which appeared to be meant for my edification, so I stood by her with our backs to those two lovers and listened.

"Poor fatherless, motherless child—the best-hearted creature in the world; to have had her life ruined by that whimsical woman; as if they could not have been married two years ago in a proper way. He is as fine a character as any woman could desire; and as to her, I brought her up after her mother's death, and was more of a parent to her than that provoking old idiot could be. Her love of power would be an absurdity, you know, if it had not wrought that mischief."

Then the man-servant I have spoken of came back, bringing another person with him. "Well, Bellamy," I said, "how are you?"

"Quite well, Captain; in time to return to India with you if you should want my services. I have brought home Mr. Moore, you see, sir;" and then he gave an odd glance at me, by which I seemed to know that Charlie Moore was in danger of death. I suppose I showed the thought in my face, for Bellamy, by a second significant look, seemed to confirm the idea, and we both, I am sure, looked sadly enough at each other, though we spoke no more.

Lucy rose up now, and came to Mrs. Brotherton, quickly. I saw how Charlie Moore followed her with his eyes, and I could not help telling him by a smile how truly I could congratulate him.

"Come here," he said to me. So I went up to him where he lay on the couch, which I now saw had some hospital contrivance attached to it by which he could be raised easily to his feet.

He was extremely handsome, but as pale as marble; his eyes had that dangerous brightness in them that we know is more than belongs to healthy life, and his great strong arms and hands were thin and trembling. He smiled across the room to where Lucy stood, with her travelling hat off, and her golden hair twisted about her head. Mrs. Brotherton had taken a little white bonnet from a box, and she was placing it on the partly bent head carefully. The long dark tweed wrapper was thrown across a box, and Lucy, in a bright blue silk, was putting some sort of white lace cloak across her shoulders. Then Charlie whispered, "Call her."

I brought her to his side; the man now arranged the springs of the crutch, and he said,

"Have you got it there still?"

She took off three or four of those rings which I had before observed as numerous, and put them into my hand; and then she drew off a thin gold hoop, and gave it into the only hand he could use. "Into my waistcoat pocket, Mannering," said Charlie; and then I gave her back the pretty things that had guarded and covered what she had kept so well, and did as he asked.

"Now then," said Charlie. So the man raised him to his feet, and eased him off on his crutches, and he said to me, "Take Lucy." She stood aside to let him go first, which he did well enough, with Bellamy and Mrs. Brotherton by his side. Then I gave Lucy my arm, and we walked through the doorway into the middle aisle of a church. An old man stroked his long white locks and bowed his head, and a younger woman, who seemed to belong to him, and who was probably the pew-opener, made a solemn curtsey as we passed; it was evidently their homage to the story of sorrow and suffering, love and triumph that that little procession told. There was a child, too, with a clean white pinafore there to see the sight. She

looked with troubled eyes away from Charlie as he went by, and fixed a frightened stare on Lucy. A smile, such as the child had probably never seen before, brought back the sunshine quickly to that little face, and the young creature stepped hastily forward and offered Lucy a white rose and some sweet-briar, which she had held in her tiny hand. She was not more than six years old, I am sure, and I shall never forget how Lucy took them. There was a glance at the child and a look at the mother—each of them worth a whole volume of words, "One touch of feeling makes the whole world kin," and the woman, holding the child by the hand, thus encouraged, with a face beaming with good wishes and glad hopes, followed us softly; and the old man knelt down. I put Lucy in her proper place by Charlie Moore's side, and the service began. "Who giveth this woman away?" "I do;" and truly, I never in my life, before or since, did anything more entirely with all my heart. So they were married. And when Lucy had to get rid of her gloves, she put them into the hands of her little unexpected bridesmaid, who laughed up into her mother's face with glee, and she redeemed them with a piece of gold before she went away.

Charlie had to be put into a carriage brought on purpose, in which he could lie all his length, for he was allowed to bear the movement over the pavement in no other way, and I went with Lucy and Mrs. Brotherton to that lady's house. There, in the course of another half-hour, we were all at breakfast. But that half-hour the husband and wife had had to themselves, and Mrs. Brotherton and I had been alone, to have our talk out also.

"Now," said I, "what is the meaning of it?"

"Mr. Moore has been in my house just ten days. Lucy knew of his expected arrival through me, and of his safe landing. She also knew, for I thought it right to tell her, that he is dying. She determined to marry him. And as I think she is right, or at least, that she has a right to have her own way, I have helped her to take the place which she ought to have had long ago."

"Did Mrs. Marmaduke Smith know of Moore being in England?"

"She!" cried Mrs. Brotherton, "she? no! She would have locked Lucy up first. How she has got away from her, I cannot imagine." I thought that I knew all about that."

"And so she marries him, knowing his hopeless state?" I said, musingly.

"Yes; and she is right," replied Mrs. Brotherton, positively. I think I never knew any one who contrived without disagreeable coarseness to be so extraordinarily positive as my new acquaintance.

"I am no judge of that," I said; "but I doubt whether, if I had been in Moore's place, I—"

"Oh! whether you should have been as naturally great, and good, and as well able to judge of a true woman's faith and courage—perhaps not." She fixed her dark eyes on me as if she had found me so undoubtedly guilty, that any attempt at explanation on my part must be worse than useless. I was therefore silent; and Mrs. Brotherton went on. "You know they were engaged to each other, and with Mrs. Smith's entire consent. The time, though not the exact day, of the marriage was fixed. And then, for her own wicked gratification, she refused her consent, and parted them."

"Surely they could have married without her consent as well *then* as *now*?" Mrs. Brotherton appeared to be exasperated by my stupidity. "How could they, when Mr. Moore had nothing but his pay? People must live—*now*, they can live on the sale of his commission for the few months which must elapse before she is of age. It will be all right before next June—as to money I mean. *He* will be dead. Anyhow, his only chance of life will be in his having a good nurse like Lucy."

"What made Mrs. Marmaduke Smith change her mind?"

"Oh! I am ashamed to tell you—a ridiculous creature—a mad simpleton. I can't bear that woman. I can never forgive her ruining that darling girl's life." And Mrs. Brotherton quite groaned; she had evidently as much bitterness in her heart as a not really ill-natured woman could carry, and a good deal more than she had words at hand to express.

Here the servant announced breakfast; and I said, as I conducted Mrs. Brotherton through the passage—"By what accident was poor Moore reduced to this?" And she, scarcely waiting to hear me finish my sentence, said, scornfully, "Accident? stuff; a tiger!" On which the door was opened, and I could ask no more.

But not to keep my readers in unnecessary suspense, I may here tell what I heard afterwards of Charlie Moore's heroism. It was, shortly, this—he had got crushed in the jaws of a "man-eater."

When once a tiger has tasted of human flesh, there really seems to be a fascination in it for the savage beast. As it was in this case, the tiger will return, and return again for his human victim, and in his death is the only safety. Three unsuccessful attempts had been made, and Charlie Moore had entered into the deadly pursuit with all a true man's courage. The pursuit of a savage beast who has taken the lives of our fellow-creatures—in this instance those of a boy, two young women, and a child—is something quite out of the region of sport. It is a call on the strong to defend the weak—to risk life in order to save life, and to encounter the danger is no longer merely an excitement, it is elevated into a duty. Charlie had organized the party who had relieved the panic-struck people of their foe, and his ball had given the death-wound; but the tiger had pursued him, fallen on him, crushed him in his dying jaws, and pinned him to the earth by the weight of his dead carcase. It was only when the rest of the party returned, that Charlie was found, to every one's glad surprise, still alive. And when Mrs. Brotherton said, "Stuff! a tiger," I knew quite as much of what had happened as there was any need to know at that moment, and so walked in with her to the breakfast-room.

"How do you do, Mr. Grant?" she said to a stranger sitting by Charlie and Lucy. "I did not know you were here." I then perceived that this was the same person who had come with Bellamy into the vestry-room, and helped Charlie to his crutch.

"I am only this moment arrived," he said. "Mr. Moore asked me to have an interview with Captain Mannering, and this hour is my only leisure one." Then turning to Lucy, he said, "I am very glad to see how well Mr. Moore has borne the motion of the carriage. You may indulge in good hopes, now, I am sure. He has suffered

"I CANNOT MOVE WITHOUT HELP, OR I WOULD NOT RECEIVE YOU THUS."

enough to kill most men of average strength, I think better of him to-day than I have ever done yet."

"But this 'man-eater's' attack must have been months ago," I said, looking at Mr. Grant.

"Ah!" said Charlie, who was sitting up, seemingly quite comfortable in an easy chair, with his spring crutch by his side—"ah! but, by my clumsiness and incapacity, I got a severe fall on board ship, and our friend here has had to pull me to pieces and put me together again. I am a beautiful work of art now; and I am going to travel to Wiesbaden on that excellent invention upon which you saw me taking my ease this morning."

Then I fancied that a glance from Charlie suggested that I should speak to Mr. Grant at a distant window, and there I retired, in his company, accordingly. I was then told, in a minute or two, that Charlie's real danger lay in the crushing of the chest and collar-bone having injured the lungs. "We have the winter before us. I see but little hope," said Mr. Grant. "As to his other injuries—though this accident on board ship has given him a great deal to go through, he has undergone everything so well, that, with his perfect constitution, and his wife's care, there need be no fear. He will have a stiff shoulder all his life." Saying which, Mr. Grant walked back to the table, and took leave of Lucy, calling her "Mrs. Moore" for the first time in my hearing, with a few kindly-spoken words, expressing a desire that she would call upon him any moment, night or day, without hesitation, whenever she wished to do so—it came from him with a friendliness that evidently pleased them both, and Lucy gave him her hand with a radiant smile of thankfulness.

"I have told my husband," said Lucy, "how good you have been, Captain Mannering. How you trusted me in the midst of so much mystification. How I made you run away with me—or how you let me run away with you, I can't tell which, and it is of no manner of consequence. If he had not behaved better than *you* did, Mr. Moore, I should never have been allowed to leave the house; for I never could have overcome Mrs. Marmaduke. She let me go with him so willingly, yet so sadly, poor dear! I declare I think she repented. I believe she will be glad when she knows that I am married to *you*."

Charlie laughed.

"Very likely," he said; "you know she *did* like me at first. There is no harm in playing Mrs. Marmaduke this trick; the wonder to me is that you did not deceive Mannering."

"Not a bit," said Lucy. "He said at once that there was a mystery, and he agreed—not quite at once, but when he saw I was miserable—to help me. *He* was so good a man that I trusted him—and *I* was so in earnest, and so unhappy, that he trusted me, and was hero enough to promise to see me safe to the end, whatever it might be."

"I should have told him the whole truth," said Charlie.

"And then he would have had scruples, and hesitated, and I should have had to run away by myself, and there would have been a fuss and a scandal; toil, torment, and poverty. Now, it is all easy, natural, and straight. Oh, Charlie! I *could not* have got away without Mrs. Marmaduke's knowledge; somehow, it was not in me to do it. But when she gave me leave to run away with *him*, then it was easy. And she was so interested about settlements; only, I do not know quite what you would like to do about the money."

"What money?"

"Why, on Sunday afternoon she wrote to Mr. Jones, the lawyer, and joint trustee with her, to say she approved of a hasty marriage I was going to contract, and that she gave up everything to me at once. And so, dear Charlie, my whole fortune, I suppose, is now yours."

Moore looked at me aghast. We were all silent for a moment—then,

"Mannering, bring me my writing-case," said Charlie. His face was white. Lucy was frightened and grew pale also. But I knew what he meant to do, and seated myself by his side with pen, ink, and paper at once.

"Lucy, my dear wife," he said, "you have been told the whole truth as to my illness. If I were to die to-day—and the extent of injury to my lungs nobody quite knows—I should simply rob you. So I must make a will." Then he dictated a few words by which everything was given to Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Brotherton and I signed it.

"And now, Captain Mannering, will you go back to your mother's house, and tell Aunt Marmaduke all that we have done—"

"And say that any settlements she chooses to suggest I will make," said Charlie. "No!" cried Lucy, "it is all good, honest Lorimer money, and she ought not to have anything to do with it. It is mine." But Charlie, smiling, put his hand before her pretty mouth. "Mannering will do right for us," he said; and I consented.

Immediately, with my watch and a time table, I began to arrange my return. I announced that I must go almost directly, and then Lucy said that she had messages to send, and that she and Mrs. Brotherton must speak to me alone. We therefore left Charlie Moore and went into the adjoining room. When there, how she thanked me!

"He is married, and he is rich," she said; "and if you had not humored me, and trusted me—we owe it all to you. I cannot tell how to thank you enough. His life shall be saved now, God helping me," she cried. "And will you write to India?" she went on. "The officers of his regiment gave him a smart purse, quite full of gold—in fact, to pay for Bellamy's services, and get him safely home. How can I thank them? Poor Charlie! without a penny beyond his pay. How good of them to behave like brothers to him, and to *me*." She sat down and wept like a child, quite melted by this goodness from men whom she had never seen.

"And have you no questions to ask?" she said, when her tears were spent.

"Yes. I want to know why Mrs. Marmaduke dismissed Mr. Moore."

Her face brightened, and, with the drops hanging in her eyelashes, her whole countenance flashed with amusement. "Oh! I can smile at it now," she gasped. "She sent him off, she locked me up—she—she—" "Tell me quickly," I said. "Because he—he would not—he—oh, oh!" And then she turned away laughing or crying, I could not tell which.

"Because," said Mrs. Brotherton, loudly, "because—a stupid, conceited, detestable woman—because he would not be kissed! There, Captain Mannering! If you wish to know, you *do* know. For no other reason in the world. I can't bear that woman. She ought to be shut up; a horror!"

The face of calm intelligence that Lucy turned to me on this announcement was a caution and a confirmation in one.

"Have you no other question to ask?" she almost whispered, coming close to my side. "No." "Not any inquiry after Lizzie Smith's facsache?" "Why?" "Because," whispering, "if you had seen *her*, you might—almost *must*, have loved her; and then I should never have escaped from Mrs. Marmaduke's captivity. She knew my secret. I kept her out of sight." Then, taking my hand—"She is the best girl in the world. Now, please to forgive me for everything."

I forgave her; and I bade her good-bye. In an hour's time I was travelling back as fast as I could go.

I found the horse and carriage waiting for me, and with willing speed I got to my own home safely.

I walked into the drawing-room.

"My dear Alfred! But where is Lucy?" cried my mother.

"I left her at Mrs. Brotherton's."

"Ah! I thought that to town and back would be a longer day's work than she could encounter. I am sorry she sent back Smithson," said my mother.

I looked at Mrs. Marmaduke. She got up, after a few hasty words of welcome, and left the room. In a minute, under pretence of changing my dress, I followed her. I went straight to her dressing-room door and knocked. "It is I—may I come in?" She opened the door, and let me in, with a scared face. I sat down by the open window, where the soft summer air was playing gently. "Mrs. Smith," I said, "Lucy married Charlie Moore this morning, and I gave her away."

She leaned back in her chair as pale as death, and almost as still. I was actually frightened. But I went on. "There is not a better man in the service. There are few cleverer men in the world. You know he is a man of extraordinary talent; he is a poor death-stricken creature *now*: he has been half-killed by a tiger. They made a subscription at the mess and paid for a servant to get him home. He was carried to the church—he stood on crutches. They are going out of England directly. And now," I went on, "you must let me say the only thing that I intend to say—it is a hard burden to lay for life on such a brilliant little butterfly as Lucy. They love each other very much. But you should not have done it, Mrs. Smith." "If you don't get them to forgive me," she said, "I shall break my heart and die."

I declare I could not help forgiving the poor woman, she was so evidently sincere.

We did not say much about what had happened in the family, for my deaf tender-hearted mother was horror-struck by Mrs. Marmaduke's conduct, and wished to get her out of the house; but Julia had grown very fond of Lizzie Smith, and did not like to part with her.

In the meantime Mrs. Marmaduke had more than once written to Lucy, but she had got no answer; at last a note came from Mrs. Brotherton advising Mrs. Smith, with considerable asperity, to write no more. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, having persuaded Mr. Grant to go with them, were, she hoped, safe at Wiesbaden, and would stay there till —*if he lived*—(darkly scored under were those words) they moved for the winter to Nice.

Upon this Mrs. Marmaduke took to her bed, and was laid up in our house, under medical treatment, for six weeks; during which time my acquaintance with Lizzie Smith so far progressed that I, one day, told her what Lucy had said as to the necessity I should have felt under to fall in love with her had I seen her on her first arrival.

"Ah!" she said, quietly, "so like Lucy; but I don't think *that*—"

"Well, then, *I do*," I answered.

And so it is that Lizzie is my wife at this present writing; and Mrs. Marmaduke, when she died—and her death was generally reported to be in consequence of an ungrateful relative's conduct—left Lizzie all she possessed.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore live in London. Faithful Mrs. Brotherton guards Lucy's happiness with a watch-dog's bark; always angry with anything that may, even by the remotest possibility, interfere with it. We visit the Moores in London, and they come to us in the country; he is a fine, very handsome, pale-complexioned man, with a stiff shoulder joint, and a cough—but "not a killing cough, at all," says Mr. Grant. Lucy plays with two beautiful boys, Charlie and Alfred, and they are all very happy together—*so* happy, that I one day said to her—"Would you have been happier, I wonder, if you and your husband had been married when you were first engaged to each other?" On which she lifted up a very quiet face—opened-eyed and wondering, with a most dazzling, malicious sort of beauty.—"Would it have been better?" I repeated.

"Better than *perfect*? I never was very clever you know, Captain Mannering—and I don't understand!"

With this declaration from our beautiful Lucy, the record of my "difficult circumstances" may be considered at an end.

TO-MORROW.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

The setting sun, with dying beam,
Had waked the purple hills to fire;
And citadel, and dome, and spire,
Were gilded by the far-off gleam.
And in and out dark pine-trees crept
Full many a slender line of gold;
Gold motes athwart the river swept,
And kissed it as it onward roll'd,
And sunlight linger'd, loth to go.
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow
To part from those we love below,
And yet the sun as bright shall glow
To-morrow.

The tide was ebbing on the strand,
And stooping low its silver crest
To crimson sea-weed laid at rest
Upon the amber-ribbed sand,
Dash'd o'er the rocks and on the shore,
Flung parting wreaths of pearly spray,
Then fled away. Yet turned once more,
And sent a sigh across the bay,
As though it could not bear to go.
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow
To part from those we love below,
Yet thitherward the tide shall flow
To-morrow.

Two hearts had met to say farewell,
At even when the sun went down;
Each life-sound from the busy town
Smote sadly as a passing bell.
One whisper'd, "Parting is sweet pain,
At morn and eve returns the tide:"
"Nay, parting rends the heart in twain."
And still they linger'd side by side—
And still they lingered, loth to go.
Ah, well! it causeth sorrow
To part from those we love below,
For shall we ever meet or no
To-morrow?

☞ Speaking about the bed quilts of many colors and innumerable pieces which take prizes at agricultural fairs, "Aunt Lucy" says, in the Rural New Yorker, "I have lived forty-six years and brought up six children, and have never yet found time to buy calico and cut it up into little pieces, half an inch square, for the purpose of sewing them together again, just to see how many I could make of it."

☞ Josh Billings writes that "Philosophers aul agree that the milk is put into the koker nut, and then the hole is neatly plugged up, but who the fellow is who dus it, the philosophers are honest enough, for a wonder, to admit they kant tell."

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE FIELD.

The duty confided to Moonshine by General Cardenas was not difficult to carry out. The track of the Mexicans was clearly marked on the ground, and the hunter suspected that the bargain the general had proposed to him was merely a pretext, and that in reality he wished to keep him by his side, in order to punish him if he had laid a trap for the Spaniards. Still the couple continued to gallop side by side, talking pleasantly and apparently well satisfied with each other. The day was splendid, the sky blue, and the sun dazzling; the leaves, washed by the rain, were greener and dew-laden; the night storm had refreshed the atmosphere, and the hot sunbeams incessantly drawing out the moisture, made the earth smoke like the mouth of a crater; the birds twittered beneath the foliage, the squirrels leapt from branch to branch, and at times elks and antelopes, awakened by the sound of the horses, rose amid the lofty grass, looked around them timidly, and then bounded off in all directions. Men and horses unconsciously underwent the influence of the scene; they eagerly inhaled the air impregnated with the sharp scent of flowers and plants, and felt happy at living.

"On my honor," said the general, "give me the country. It is pleasant to breathe the fresh air, when you have been confined within stone walls for several days."

"Yes, you are right, general," the Canadian answered, joyously; "life is splendid in the desert; existence in town is ridiculous. Men were great asses for inventing them, and restricting their horizon, when they had space and liberty before them. Deuce take towns. The handsomest house is not worth the blade of grass that shelters the grasshopper we can hear singing so merrily."

"You seem to love the desert, Senor Moonshine?"

"I, general? why I was born in it. My father was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as trapper. My mother brought me into the world on the shore of one of our magnificent Canadian lakes. My eyes first opened beneath the majestic verdant arcades of a virgin forest. The first horizon I gazed at was surrounded by chains of mountains whose haughty crest no human foot has yet trodden. Oh! general, how glorious it is to live in the desert without ties of any sort, to feel your heart beat freely in your bosom, to inspire through every pore the fragrant exhalations of the savannah. Alone with your horse, with no regrets for the past or care for the future, you feel that you live, and you unconsciously become a better man, because you are nearer to God whose sublime book ever lies open before you. Such an existence is the only true one, the only possible for a stout-hearted man; the other is only a continual slavery, an incessant restraint which withers ideas, dulls the intellect, and converts man such as God created him into a badly organized machine, a quarrelsome and wicked creature, who goes to his grave pale, sickly, and discontented."

"By Jove! that is what I call enthusiasm, my boy," the general said, laughing. "Unfortunately, all this is only good in theory. What would become of civilization if everybody followed your example?"

"Oh, yes," the hunter exclaimed, with a disdainful smile, "that's the great word, 'civilization'—that is to say, slavery; brutalization of the masses for the advantage of ambitious and insatiable minorities; an association of bandits decorated with pompous titles and sounding names, among whom strength represents the law, and who answer arguments by gaols, prisons, and bullets; where everything is paid for, life as well as death, and even the very vitiated atmosphere, breathed in muddy, narrow streets, and low, stifling houses. Deuce take civilization and the rogues who invented it for their own profit! Civilization is the plague and cause of all the diseases that afflict humanity. I'll have none of it."

The general listened to the hunter with increasing surprise. The nervous blunt language involuntarily seduced him. It was the first time he found himself in the presence of one of those woodrangers who, impatient of control, have resolutely broken with the life of society. He could not understand this strange nature, so contrary to those he had hitherto elbowed in life.

While conversing thus the general and the Canadian reached the ford where Sotavento had escaped that morning. The column halted for a moment; for about two leagues on the other side of the river ran a chain of lofty, wooded mountains, while an enormous barranca yawned in the centre of this range, and formed a narrow defile—the only place by which the Spanish troops could pass to continue their march. The general examined with growing anxiety the gloomy landscape spread out before him. All around was silent and desolate. In vain did the general survey the plain through his telescope; he could see nothing but trees growing very close together, through which it seemed almost impossible to force a passage. The canon or barranca began just opposite the ford, and there was no doubt but that the Mexican army had followed this, the sole practicable road, for the traces of its passage were deeply marked in the ground. The general frowned, and looked suspiciously at the hunter; the latter, who had fallen behind to tighten his girths, went up to him.

"I understand—" he said to him.

"What do you understand?"

"Why, that you suspect me, general."

"And suppose I did, what then?"

"You would be wrong."

"Why so?"

"For a hundred reasons."

"Tell me one of them."

"For what purpose should I have led you into a trap?"

"To betray me, viva Cristo! if, as I suppose, you belong to the Mexican army."

"I do belong to that army," the hunter replied coolly; "but what does that prove?"

"What it proves?" the general exclaimed furiously, "that you are a spy, and that I shall have you shot."

"That is not answering, general, but knocking a man down."

"Be it so; recommend your soul to God."

"A man like myself is ever ready to appear before Him. Could you say the same?"

The general stamped his foot furiously.

"But give me a reason, at least," he said.

"I did give you one; but you would not accept it."

"Seek another."

"Well, if you wish to argue the matter, I

am quite agreeable," the hunter, who still quiet, calm, and straightforward, continued.

"What has occurred between us? I informed you that the Mexicans had abandoned their camp, leaving their train behind. Was that false? No; it was true, and I told you nothing else. You resolved to set out in pursuit of the insurgents, and instead of urging you on to do so, I recommended you to remain at Cohahuila. Is that like a traitor? I do not think so. You insisted on my following you, and I obeyed. My part was entirely restricted to that, I think you will allow, general? Now that you find yourself in front of a defile in which you are afraid of being attacked, you turn upon me. Is that fair? I fancy that if you are really afraid of falling into an ambuscade, there is one very easy thing to do."

"What is it?"

"Why, turn back and reach Cohahuila again as quickly as possible; if the Mexicans wished to lay a trap for you, they will be caught in it themselves, as they leave their guns and ammunition in your hands."

The general reflected.

"What would you do in my place?" he asked.

"Well, I will be frank with you, general. We men of the desert regard courage in a manner diametrically opposite to yours. As we generally fight only to save our life or our plunder, we never venture on an action unless we have almost a certainty of success."

"Hence, under the present circumstances?"

"I should turn back without shame, and be off to Cohahuila at the same pace at which I started, that is, a gallop; that is what I should do. I can understand that you would act differently."

"Ah!" the general said, giving him a piercing glance, "for what reason?"

"Nonsense, general, you are making fun of me; for you know as well as I do. Come, have me shot, and let us have an end of it."

"I shall not have you shot," he answered; "for, traitor or no, you have spoken to me like an honest man. Go where you please; you are free."

The Canadian felt involuntary affected by this remark.

"Thanks, general. Now take my advice, and do not push on."

"Does danger really exist?"

"I cannot tell you; still I confess that I have a bad opinion of that black, large hole I see over there; it seems to me to contain a storm."

"Yes, I feel that I ought to follow your advice, but unhappily I cannot do so. The troops of the king, my master, must not appear to recoil before such miserable foes; for it would be giving these scoundrels an importance which they do not possess."

"You know better than I how you should act; but I repeat, take care."

"Oh, be sure of that. Well, good-bye; get away before the action begins."

"Well, then, thank you, and good-bye, general—I dare not wish you good luck."

The Canadian turned his horse and started at a gallop in the direction of Cohahuila. The general looked after him till he was hidden by a turn in the road.

"What a singular man!" he muttered; "if he is a spy I never saw one like him."

It was high time, however, to come to some resolution, and so the general summoned his officers around him.

"Caballeros," he said bluntly, when they were assembled, "I am afraid that we acted very imprudently in venturing to pursue the enemy with so small a force as we have at our disposal. Although I do not wish to throw any of my responsibility as chief upon you, still I deem it urgent to take your advice before crossing this stream, beyond which, as you can see from here, is a canon, which, if I am not mistaken, contains a formidable ambuscade. Answer me frankly, which shall we do? Push boldly on, at the risk of what may happen; or quietly turn back and regain our entrenchments?

The officers were mostly of opinion that they must march forward at all risks. The effect of a retreat made almost in the presence of the enemy might have as disastrous an influence upon the prestige that surrounded the Spanish army as a battle lost. All these brave soldiers were ashamed at appearing to fly before an invisible enemy; for as yet only vague suspicions were entertained, which might be false, more especially as the plain continued to be deserted, and nothing of a dubious nature had been perceived.

"Very well, caballeros," the general said, with a bow to his officers, "we will march on; if fate betrays our courage, we will fall like brave men. Long live Spain!"

"Long live Spain!" the officers repeated enthusiastically.

"Captain Don Luis Obregozo, take two hundred horse, and make a reconnoissance in the canon; be very prudent, and do not venture too far. Don Pedro Castilla will hold himself in readiness to support you with five hundred cavalry, should it be necessary; the rest of the army will not cross the stream till your return. Go at once."

The two officers selected by the general immediately prepared to obey; the troopers, leaving the infantry they carried with the main body, crossed the ford, and galloped into the plain. The general gave orders for the troops to be drawn up in a column, in order to lose as little time as possible in passing, and, opening his telescope, he attentively followed the movements of the two detachments he had sent on ahead. The second body, commanded by Captain Castilla, halted about halfway between the stream and the canon, ready to act on the first alarm. Captain Obrigozo boldly pushed on, sending a few troopers ahead as scouts, while others scattered on either side the main body, and examined the thickets. The detachment advanced thus almost into the entrance of the defile, and nothing suspicious occurred. On reaching this point the captain ordered a halt.

"My lads," he said to his soldiers, "if the enemy is really in there, it is unnecessary for us all foolishly to enter the wolf's throat; a few men of good will are enough. Who will follow me?"

The soldiers remained motionless and silent.

"What?" the captain exclaimed, with a frown, "does not a man offer to follow me?"

"It is not that, captain," an old sergeant replied, roughly; "you know very well that we are all of good will and ready to follow you to purgatory; choose yourself the men you will take with you."

"Very good," the captain said, gayly, as he pointed out five or six troopers. They at once quitted the ranks, and placed themselves behind the captain. The latter, after temporarily entrusting the command of the detachment to his lieutenant, with strict orders not to enter the defile, whatever might happen, but, on the contrary, to fall back on the reserve if he did not return, boldly entered the canon, followed by his weak escort. Several minutes elapsed, and then a discharge was suddenly heard, and two riderless horses galloped back into the plain.

"The captain! let us save the captain!" the dragoons shouted, as they waved their sabres frantically.

And without listening to the remonstrances of their lieutenant, who tried in vain to hold them back, they dashed irregularly into the defile. The officer finding his efforts useless, bravely placed himself at their head. Then the sound of a regular combat and a well sustained musketry fire was audible.

"Let us support our brothers!" Captain Castilla exclaimed, drawing his sword.

"Forward, forward!" the soldiers yelled.

The second detachment, starting at a gallop, in its turn was engulfed in this accursed defile, which, like the mouth of the infernal regions, swallowed up everything, but gave nothing back. The general, as we said, was attentively watching the movements of his scouts.

"The unhappy men!" he exclaimed, on seeing what was going on, "the maniacs! they will be killed to the last man. Come back, come back, I command you," he shouted, without reflecting that the troops he thus addressed were too far off to hear or obey him, and that had they by chance heard, they would not have obeyed him, owing to the frenzy which seemed to have suddenly assailed them.

The soldiers remaining on the river bank also saw, not what was going on in the defile, but on the plain; they began muttering at the inactivity to which their chief condemned them, and brandished their weapons with a fury which only required an excuse to break out.

"Shall we let our brothers be butchered?" an old officer asked, biting his moustache passionately.

"Silence, caballero," the general answered savagely; "had they obeyed my orders, this would not have occurred."

"But the misfortune is done at present, general; we must not desert seven hundred men in that way."

"Look, look," the soldiers exclaimed, on perceiving several horsemen issue from the defile vigorously pursued by others, who speedily caught up to them and sabred them.

This last episode raised the exasperation of the troops to the highest pitch, a species of insanity seized on them, and refusing to listen to anything, many of them forced their horses into the river.

"Stop, stop!" the general shouted in a voice of thunder, "since you absolutely insist on marching to an inevitable butchery, let me at least guide you."

The soldiers recognising, in spite of their excitement, the voice they had so long been accustomed to obey, halted instinctively. Then the general restored order among them as far as was possible, and the ford was crossed rapidly and in a manner that did not endanger the position of the army. On reaching the plain the infantry dismounted and formed; the general arranged them so that they should support the cavalry, and drew his sword, whose blade flashed in the sun.

"I throw away the scabbard," he shouted in a voice heard by all; "forward! for the king and for Spain!"

"Long live Spain!" the soldiers shouted.

The Spanish army then rushed like an avalanche into the defile, whence the noise of the invisible combat could still be heard.

CHAPTER XL.

A YOUNG HEART.

Oliver Clary, when he left the Hacienda del Rio, was not mistaken in saying to Count de Melgosa that he was afraid Don Melchior would commit some folly; the hunter's foreboding was destined to be realized even sooner than he thought. The young man, whose mind was made up beforehand, did not wish to argue with his two friends; but, satisfied with the information the hunter had given him, impatiently awaited the moment when he should be alone, in order to carry out the plan he had formed. This plan, of an audacity that trenched almost on insanity, he had been careful not to let the count or the Canadian suspect, as he felt sure they would oppose it with all their might.

Don Melchior, brought up on the Indian border, accustomed from his earliest youth to scour the woods in all directions in the pursuit of Indians or wild beasts, was habituated to desert life and thoroughly conversant with Red Skin habits; hence, he had no doubt he would be able to get to the prisoners. Hence, so soon as the count and Oliver had left the hacienda, the young man made his preparations; that is to say, he carefully inspected his fire-arms, placed provisions in his alforgas, and mounted his horse. It was about four in the afternoon. The great gate of the hacienda was open: hence he went out the more easily, because being merely regarded as a guest of the count, no one had received orders to impede his movements or prevent him doing what he thought proper. The young man slowly descended the mountain; at the moment when he reached the plain, the sound of a galloping horse made him turn round. Diego Lopez was coming towards him at full speed, and Don Melchior waited for him.

"Viva Dios!" the worthy man exclaimed, "where on earth are you going, Don Melchior?"

The young man looked at him haughtily.

"Am I your master's prisoner?" he replied, dryly.

"Not at all, senor," the peon said, with the greatest politeness.

"In that case, by what right do you ask me such a question? Am I not at liberty to do what I please?"

"I do not say the contrary."

"If that is the case, what do you want with me?"

"Caballero, I beg you not to take in ill part what I am so free as to say to you. The Senor Conde feels a very lively interest in you; before leaving the hacienda, he ordered me to pay the greatest attention to you."

"Admitted."

"On seeing you mount your horse at so advanced an hour, and take provisions with you, I assumed that it was your intention to leave the hacienda."

"Your assumption was correct, I am really leaving the hacienda. What then?"

"Very good. You are at liberty to do so. I have no right to control your actions; but be kind enough to inform me where you are going, in order that I may tell my master."

"For what object?"

"I am merely obeying the orders I received, senor. I am but a servant;" and he added, with a marked stress on the words, "perhaps it is as well for your own sake that my master should know where you are going."

The young gentleman reflected for a moment.

"Forgive me, Diego Lopez," he said, presently, "the rather rough way in which I received you. I did wrong to act thus, for you are a worthy man. Tell your master that I am resolved to try and save Dona Emilia and her daughter, and that is why I quitted his hospitable roof."

The peon shook his head sadly.

"Alone, senor?" he said; "take care."

"Heaven will aid me, my friend."

"I have no right to prevent you, I have no wish to do so, but if I may be permitted to make a remark?"

"Speak!"

"I would tell you that this plan is insane, that you are rushing to your destruction, and that you are attempting an expedition in which you will perish, perhaps without seeing the persons for whom you devote yourself."

"Yes, that is true," the young man answered sadly. "What you say to me I have said to myself, but my destiny carries me away. I must accomplish this sacrifice, while knowing that I am committing an act of madness; I will carry it through to the end."

"I have neither the strength nor the courage to blame you, senor, I can only pity you; put your trust in heaven. As for me, I shall go to my master and tell him what you are doing at this moment. If we do not succeed in saving you, at least we will avenge you, and if I may believe my foreboding, the vengeance will be terrible."

"Go, my friend; go, and thank you. Tell your master how truly grateful I am to him for all that he has done for me, but that fatality carries me away, and that I would sooner die than suffer from the grief which is devouring me. I wish to know the fate of the two unhappy prisoners, and, no matter what may happen, I will know it."

"May heaven protect you, senor! You are well acquainted with the Red Skins; perhaps by acting prudently you may foil their vigilance, although it is almost impossible. But," he added with a species of forced resolution, "what is the use of arguing longer. Perhaps your plan will succeed, through the very fact of its insanity. Children and lovers are privileged."

The young man blushed, and dug his spurs into the flanks of his horse, which started at a gallop. The peon looked after him, sorrowfully shaking his head several times.

"Well, good-bye, Don Melchior," he said, "I repeat, may God protect you, for He alone can save you."

The young man scarce heard him. The peon's voice struck his ear, but he did not understand the sense of his words. He waved his hand in farewell and disappeared in the tall grass that overgrew the banks of the stream. Diego Lopez remained motionless for an instant.

"Poor boy!" he murmured, "he has a noble heart; a soul full of devotion; but what can he do? He is lost; death clutches him already, its hand is spread out over him. Let me go and warn the Senor Conde," he added, repressing a sympathetic sigh.

And loosening his bridle he galloped off in the direction of the Hacienda del Bario.

Don Melchior, through the frequent excursions he had made in carrying out Dona Emilia's monomania for vengeance, had a thorough knowledge of the country for thirty or forty leagues round; several times accident had led him to the vicinity of the teocali, where the ladies were now held in captivity, and hence he was well aware of the exact position of this strange monument, the sole vestige of the ancient civilization of the Indians.

While himself thoroughly convinced of the madness of his attempt in favor of the prisoners, he had drawn up his plans with the greatest prudence, ready to sacrifice his life, but not wishing to leave anything to chance, while unconsciously retaining in his heart a last glance of hope, that divine spark which is never completely extinguished in the human heart, and allows man a glimpse of success even in the most senseless undertakings.

So soon as Diego Lopez parted from him, Don Melchior checked the speed of his horse in order not to reach the ford of the Rio Grande del Norte till sunset. He was obliged to travel by night, for, as the Indians are in their encampments at that period, the young man would have nothing to fear from their vengeance, and incurred no risk but that of meeting wild beasts, a trifling danger for an experienced hunter. Besides, so far as it was possible to calculate distances, Don Melchior believed himself only seven or eight leagues distant from the teocali. By galloping in a straight line, he would therefore only have a two hours' ride to make in a country which he had frequently traversed, and which was perfectly familiar to him.

We have already stated, on several occasions, that in hot countries there is no twilight, and that when the sun has set night arrives almost without transition. The young man had so well calculated, that he was a gunshot from the ford at the moment when the sun disappeared on the horizon in a glory of purple and gold. In spite of the complete absence of twilight, there is, however, a charming moment in American evenings. It is the one when, after night has quite set in, you witness the sudden awakening of the denizens of the darkness; when the night breeze agitates the majestic tops of the trees, and the wild beasts, leaving their lairs, bay the moon with their guttural notes, which are repeated in every way by the echoes of the ravines. The traveller, involuntarily affected by a vague respect at the sight of this immensity which he cannot comprehend, feels himself weak and paltry.

Don Melchior crossed the ford without obstacle, and then dashed at full speed into the desert, cutting through the tall grass in a straight line. For two hours he galloped in the pale light of the stars, with his hand on his weapons, and ready for any event. On coming within about two musket-shots of the teocali he stopped, dismounted, and taking his horse by the bridle, led it into a thicket, where, after hobbling it, he fastened up its nostrils to prevent it neighing. Then thrusting his pistols in his belt, he seized his rifle, and proceeded toward the teocali, muttering in a suppressed voice one sentence, which completely represented the thought that impelled him to act as he was doing—

"Heaven be gracious to me!"

The night was calm and serene; the stars sparkled in a deep blue sky, and spread a gentle light, which allowed him to distinguish the diversities of the landscape for a long distance. A veiled silence, if we may employ the expression, reigned over the prairie, where no other sound was audible save that produced by the incessant murmurs of the infinitely little creatures buzzing beneath every blade of grass, and carrying on their laborious task under the ever open eye of the Creator. At times the distant echo bore down on the breeze the snapping bark of the coyotes, or the hoarse roar of the jaguars at the watering-place.

Don Melchior advanced firmly and resolutely, having sacrificed his life beforehand, but determined only to succumb in an unequal struggle of one against a host. We fancy that we said in one of our previous chapters that the teocali in which the prisoners were detained stood in the middle of a plain, for a great distance round which the trees had been cut down. At the moment when the young man was preparing to emerge from the covert, and asked himself how he should manage to reach the mountain unseen, he perceived an Indian sentry leaning motionless against a sumach and on the watch.

Don Melchior stopped, for the situation was a critical one. The moon profusely shed its pale and pallid beams upon this man, whose appearance had at a certain distance something gloomy and threatening about it. A cry uttered by this sentry would ruin Don Melchior. After a few seconds' hesitation his resolution was formed. Unlocking his gun, which might go off without his will, he lay down on the ground, and began crawling on his hands and knees in the direction of the sentry, before whom he must infallibly pass.

Any one who has not been in the situation of our hero could not form an idea of it. Don Melchior was at this moment playing a terrible game. It was to him a question of life and death; the fall of a leaf, the breaking of a branch was sufficient to settle it. The hurried beating of his heart terrified him, and he took half an hour in proceeding a distance of twenty paces. At length, on coming close to the sentry, he suddenly rose behind him, and plunged his dagger straight into his neck, at the very spot where the head is attached to the spine. The Red Skin fell like a log, without uttering a cry or even giving a sigh.

The young man at once understanding the importance to himself of a disguise, in order to cross the clearing round the teocali, stripped the Indian of his clothes, put them on himself, and, after dragging the corpse a few paces, in order that it might not be found immediately, he hid it under a pile of dry leaves. Then, assuming the calm and grave step of Indian warriors, the young man boldly quitted the shelter of the covert, and advanced slowly toward the teocali, now ready for all events, and keeping his finger on the trigger of his gun, which he laid carelessly on his shoulder.

Numerous watch-fires burnt round the teocali; the Indians, wrapped up in their buffalo hides, blankets, or zarapes, were sleeping peacefully, trusting to the vigilance of the sentry. Don Melchior walked right through the camp, unmolested. At times, as he passed, an Indian turned towards him, half opened his eyes, and then fell back on the ground again, muttering a few unintelligible words. The young man's heart beat as if going to burst his breast; the emotion he felt was so powerful that, on reaching the first steps of the teocali, he was involuntarily constrained to stop. Still, sustained by the feeling of the sacred mission he had taken on himself, he succeeded, by a supreme effort, in overcoming his emotion, and continued his walk.

No one opposed his passage. The Indians guard themselves badly. Under present circumstances, they could not suppose that a single man would enter their camp, and succeed in deceiving their sentries. This confidence caused the security of the bold young man, and once he reached the teocali, almost entirely insured his security.

I forget who said that mad enterprises are those which succeed the best owing to their extravagance, and this paradoxical remark is far truer than a person might be disposed to believe it. Don Melchior's plan of thus introducing himself alone into the presence of the prisoners, a project of wild boldness, succeeded entirely on account of its impossibility.

When the young man reached the top of the teocali he stopped, for he must discover the place where the prisoners were confined. He looked searchingly around him. The moon allowed him to distinguish clearly the smallest objects. Several Indians were lying round a smouldering fire, but Don Melchior's eyes did not dwell on them, he was examining the most obscure corner of the buildings that stood on the platform. His eye was caught by a man lying across a doorway, closed by a wickerwork frame; he gave a violent start, for the prisoners were behind that door. Stepping boldly over the sleeper, he went up to it. At the moment he reached the Indian the latter rose before him, and set the sharp point of his lance against his chest.

"What does my brother want?" he asked in a guttural voice.

Don Melchior was not troubled. In spite of his internal emotion, his face remained calm and stoical.

"Good," he said in Comanche, a language which he spoke perfectly, "My brother was asleep. Is that the way in which he watches his prisoners?"

"The Opossum is not asleep," the Indian said haughtily. "He knows the importance of the duty entrusted to him."

"If he was not asleep, how is it that he is ignorant the hour has arrived when I am to take his place?" the young man continued.

"Is it so late? I have not heard the hoot of the owl.

"Yet it has been sounded twice. Good, my brother is tired; let him go and sleep, while I watch in his stead."

The Indian had no reason to doubt what Don Melchior said to him. Besides, he was really desirous of sleep, and was not sorry to catch up a few hours' rest. Hence he made no remark, but quietly surrendered his post, and five minutes later was lying by the side of his comrades fast asleep.

This last alarm had been serious, although Don Melchior had bravely gone through with it. Still his agitation was so great, that partly to regain his coolness, he remained quiet for nearly a quarter of an hour before he ventured to enter the prisoner's room. At length he did so. Dona Emilia, seated in a corner, was holding her daughter's head on her lap.

"Who's there?" she asked, with a sudden start.

"A friend," the young man answered in a low voice.

Dona Diana sprang up.

"Don Melchior!" she cried.

"Silence!" he said, "silence, in heaven's name."

"Oh! I was certain he would come!" the young lady continued, as she walked towards him.

"Thanks, Melchior," Dona Emilia said, as she offered him her hand. "Thank you for coming; however terrible my situation may be, your presence here is an immense consolation."

"Have you come to deliver us, Melchior?" the maiden continued.

"Yes," he answered simply, "such is my object; and believe me, senorita, all that a man can do, I will."

"What," Dona Emilia asked, "are you alone?"

"Alas, yes; but what matter?"

Dona Diana fell back on her bed.

"Flight is impossible," she murmured with despair.

"Why so?" the young man continued boldly; "have I not contrived to get in here alone?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Yes," she said; "but you were alone."

Don Melchior sighed, for he understood the meaning of the remark.

"Why despair?" Dona Emilia exclaimed, starting up impetuously. "We are three now. The Indians tremble at the sight of me, and we shall succeed in escaping."

"Mother, mother," the girl said entreatingly, "dismiss that thought. Alas! flight is impossible, as you know well. Melchior is as well aware of it as we are."

The young man hung his head.

"If I cannot save you, senorita," he answered, "I can die with you."

"Die with us!" she exclaimed impetuously. "Oh no, that must not be, I insist."

"It was my hope in coming here," he said.

"Very good, Melchior," Dona Emilia said; "but cease to fear for us. The Indians will not dare, I feel firmly convinced, to make an attack on our lives, in spite of their frightful threats."

"Mother, undeceive yourself, our death is resolved. It is close at hand, for the conditions offered us compel us to die."

"That is true," Dona Emilia murmured despondingly. "Great God, what is to be done?"

"Fly," Don Melchior exclaimed boldly.

"No," the young lady continued, "the plan is impracticable, and it would be madness to dwell on it. If you have reached us by a miracle, it is impossible for you to convey us through the Indian camp and pass the sentries unseen. It would be precipitating our death instead of checking it."

"It is well, senorita," Don Melchior said, leaning his shoulder against the wall. "Since you refuse to attempt to fly, I shall come back to my first resolution."

"What is it?"

"To die with you."

The young lady took a step forward, and turned to Dona Emilia.

"Do you hear, mother?" she exclaimed in agony. "Do you hear what Don Melchior says? I will not have him die. Order him to go away!"

"Why should I order him?" Dona Emilia coldly replied. "Don Melchior has ever been devoted to us. He has come to die with us, and neither you nor I have the right to prevent him."

"I must, I tell you, I must."

"And why so, my child?"

"Why?" she repeated, wild with grief. "Because, mother, I love him, and will not have him die!"

Dona Emilia stood for a moment as if annihilated by the sudden revelation of this love, which she suspected, though unwilling to believe in it. A reaction took place in her, and she laid her hand on the young man's arm.

"Go, Don Melchior," she said in a gentle voice, half choked by sobs. "My daughter loves you, and will not have you die."

"Thanks, thanks, mother!" the maiden exclaimed, as she fell into her arms, and hid her face in her bosom.

"Oh, let me, let me die with you!" Don Melchior said, clasping his hands imploringly.

"No," Dona Emilia repeated, "you must leave us."

"The night is getting on; I implore you, Melchior, to be gone!" the maiden exclaimed.

The young man hesitated, and a violent combat took place in his heart.

"It is your wish," he muttered, with hesitation.

"In the name of our love, I command you!"

"Your will be done. Bless me, madam, for I shall return, and for your sake attempt impossibilities."

Dona Emilia wiped away the tears that ran down her cheeks against her will.

"Bless you, my son!" she said, in a voice choked by sobs. "God alone knows the future, Melchior. I thank you for not having deserted us. Embrace your betrothed; perhaps this first kiss will be the last."

The two young people fell into each other's arms.

"And now, farewell," Dona Emilia continued. "Begone, you must begone!"

Don Melchior tore himself with difficulty from the maiden's clasp.

"Oh, not farewell!" he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with hope. "We shall meet again," and he tottered out of the room.

"Mother, mother," Dona Diana said, throwing herself wildly into Dona Emilia's arms, "oh, now I wish to die!"

"Poor child!" her mother murmured, as she covered her with kisses. "Take patience; we have but a few hours longer to suffer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ One William Brown recently entered, with burglarious intentions, a Baptist church in London. It happened that several adults had been baptised on the previous evening, and that after the ceremony the cistern had not been covered up. Groping fugitiously along in the dark, therefore, William came upon the watery snare, and soused in head foremost. Thus unexpectedly baptised, and, as Mantalini had it, "damnition damp," he wandered on into the vestry. Here he found a bottle of sacramental wine, which was very acceptable after his bath, but of which he partook with rash freedom—for it went to his head; and he was found next morning lying in a state of helpless intoxication, and most uncomfortably moist outside as well as in.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

I—A list of the Newspapers and other Periodicals in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada and British Colonies; arranged alphabetically by towns, giving name, days of issue, politics or general character, form, size, subscription price per year, date of establishment, editors and publishers names, circulation, etc.
II—A list of Towns and Cities in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada and British Colonies, in which Newspapers and other periodicals are published; arranged alphabetically by counties, giving population, location, branch of industry from which it derives its importance, etc.
III—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals having more than 20,000 circulation, with actual amount of circulation given in each case, according to the best accessible authority.
IV—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals having more than 10,000 circulation each issue.
V—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals having more than 5,000 circulation.
VI—A list of Religious Newspapers and Periodicals.
VII—A list of Agricultural Newspapers and Periodicals.
VIII—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals printed in other than the English language, arranged each language by itself.
IX—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Medicine, Surgery and other sciences.
X—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Commerce, Finance, Real Estate, Music, and other similar specialities.
XI—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Free Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Good Templars, and other similar organizations.
XII—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Educational matters.
XIII—A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to the instruction of children.
XIV—Appendix.

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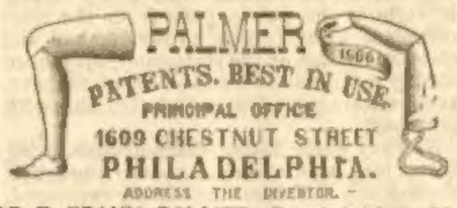

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have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.
E. M. BRUCE,
18 North Seventh Street,
mar14-tf Philadelphia.

THE DRESDEN MUSIC BOX is an imported article, got up on entirely new principles; playing 8 popular American tunes, in handsome polished metal case. Sent only by mail, free of expense on receipt of $1. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. dec16-3m

AGENTS WANTED—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

ART OF BEAUTY will be sent to you with correct picture of your future wife or husband, on receipt of 50 cts. and stamp, by addressing, with age and color of hair, to R. L. KELLEY, Garrettsville, Ohio.

A CURIOUS NOVELTY—Sent free on receipt of a stamped Envelope. The Magnetic Watch! a wonderful invention, price $1. Secret Alphabet 25 cts. Address J. R. SEACORD, Garrettsville, Ohio. jan16-2t

THE
Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.
JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets	$1,000,000
Annual Income	500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 29 to 70 per cent.
All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $3.0.,000.
The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.
Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1851, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.
An Annual Payment Life Policy is *not* forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.
All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.
WM. H. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
329 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
915 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.
feb8-1y
☞ AGENTS WANTED.

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES

SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.
Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. jan2-3m

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the
ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
1y18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

FOR ONE DOLLAR XL

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GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE.

DRY and FANCY GOODS, SILKS, WOOLENS, COTTONS, CARPETINGS, BOOTS and SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, &c., &c.

To be sold at the average price of $1 Each.

Our commissions for clubs exceed those of other establishments, and our goods are warranted to give satisfaction. Clubs of Ten and upwards receive articles valued at from $3 to $100. New Circular and full particulars sent free. N. B. CLOUDMAN & CO., 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. nov28-3m

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS.—Wanted First Class Agents Male and Female. We have nothing for curiosity seekers, but *steady* and very *profitable* employment for those who *really* mean business either *Ladies* or *Gents.* For full particulars by return mail, address enclosing a 3 cent stamp, C. L. VANALLEN & CO., 46 New St., New York City. oct2-6m

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. nov21-3m

GENUINE FALSE MOUSTACHES that cannot be told from natural ones; on wire 50 cents; on lace 75 cents; extra fine $1; imperials 50 cents; full beard $3.50; all colors. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. dec12-2m

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. jan2-3m

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU gives health and vigor to the frame, and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity or epileptic fits ensue.

FOR NON-RETENTION OR INCONTINENCE of Urine, irritation, inflammation or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostrate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or brick-dust deposits, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys and dropsical swellings.
USE HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

ENFEEBLED AND DELICATE CONstitutions, of both sexes, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.

TAKE NO MORE UNPLEASANT AND unsafe remedies for unpleasant and dangerous diseases. Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

THE GLORY OF MAN IS STRENGTH.—Therefore the nervous and debilitated should immediately use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

MANHOOD AND YOUTHFUL VIGOR are regained by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

SHATTERED CONSTITUTIONS RESTORED by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH cures delicate disorders in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in its action, and free from all injurious properties.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

Is a certain cure for diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE OR FEMALE, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the HEALTH AND HAPPINESS and that of Posterity depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

Established upwards of 18 years, prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUGGIST,

No. 594 Broadway, New York.
No. 104 South 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Price, $1.25 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
sep28-eow1?

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Good Yarn.

In the village of ——— lived a man who had once been a judge of the county, and well known all over it by the name of Judge B———. He kept a store and a saw-mill, and was always sure to have the best of the bargain on his side, by which he had gained an ample fortune; and some did not hesitate to call him the biggest rascal in the world. He was very conceited withal, and used to brag of his business capacity whenever any one was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number were seated round the stove, he began, as usual, to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression—

"Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more than you ever did me."

"How so?" said the judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it, nor do anything, I'll tell you, or else I won't; you are too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear," cried half-a-dozen voices at once.

"I'll promise," said the judge, "and treat in the bargain if you have."

"Well, do you remember the wagon you robbed me of?"

"I never robbed you of a wagon; I only got the best of the bargain," said the judge.

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"

"You never did," interrupted the cute judge.

"Yes, I did, and interest, too."

"How so?" thundered the now enraged judge.

"Well, you see, judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile down by the mill the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day; and so I kept it on till you had bought your own log of me twenty-seven times."

"That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated judge, running to his book and examining his log account; "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement!"

"I know it," said the vender in logs; "by drawing it back and forth the end wore off, and as it were I kept cutting the end off, until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it—and when it got so short I drew it home and worked it up into shingles, and the next week you bought the shingles, and I concluded I had got the worth of my wagon back, and stowed away in my pocket-book."

The exclamation of the judge was drowned in the shout of the by-standers, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat.

A Plantation Preacher.

The following is a story told by the Bishop of Tennessee at the recent Church Congress, as showing the education of a plantation preacher. He said:—

I was visiting a plantation, and the bell was rung, and the negroes, numbering five hundred, gathered in the parlors and piazzas of the house, belonging, unfortunately for himself, to a bachelor. After reading a chapter to them I preached, and said that I would hold a service the next day to baptise such as should be presented. I baptized between seventy and eighty, and after service, I fell in with "Uncle Tony," a plantation preacher. I asked him about various Christian doctrines, and finally said—

"And what about the resurrection?"

With a very solemn face he replied,

"You see, master, intment is intment."

"Yes."

"Well, you see dere is a speritual body, and dis body made out of dus'."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, when the Angel Gabrial comes down from Heben, and goin' up and down the riber Jordan, a blowin' of his trumpet, and the birds of Heben singin', and bells of Heben ringin', and the milk and the honey rainin' down on all the hills of Heben, he will bring the speritual body wid him down from Heben, and take dis here body out of de dus', and take the intment and rub it on, den stick dem together—and dar dey is."

Logic.

A man who was up to a thing or two once offered to bet that he could prove that *this side* of the river was the *other side*. His challenge was soon accepted, and a bet of ten dollars made; when, pointing to the opposite shore of the river, he shrewdly asked—

"Is not that one side of the river?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Agreed," said the man; "and is not this the other side?"

"Yes," said the other.

"Then," said the man, "pay me my ten dollars, for by your own confession I have proved that *this side* of the river is the *other side*."

The dumb-founded antagonist overcome by this profound logic, immediately paid the money.

Blunders in Speaking.

It is often very amusing to see what mistakes a clergyman will make in giving out notices, or in extemporaneous speaking. Thus, a distinguished bishop, within the borders of New England, on the occasion of a great marriage, when his church was crowded and noisy, the mass being impatient, and the greater portion standing upon the seats and backs of pews, in his desperation exclaimed: "Will the people remember that this is God's house? Be pleased to sit down on the floor, and put your feet upon the seats." The uproar that followed these words was perfectly fearful, and the unconscious bishop fell back into his chair, feeling that he had been grossly insulted in his own cathedral.

☞ An Englishman proposes to overcome monitors with vessels armed with fire engines, which will throw water into the portholes and wet the powder and into the smoke-stack and put out the fires, when the "intrepid tars" will "board the helpless log" and take it into port. He proposes thus to "put an end to maritime warfare."

☞ A Houston swell offered to allow a photographer to retain a copy of his portrait as compensation for taking his picture.

CUTTING HIM SHORT.

HAIR-DRESSER.—"We can highly recommend this—"

GRIM CUSTOMER.—"Your commission's about five cents on that rubbish, isn't it?"

HAIR-DRESSER (taken aback).—"Ye—yes, sir."

CUSTOMER.—"Then hold your tongue, and finish cutting my hair, and I'll see if I've got any pennies!"

BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

I sit as in a dream, and hear, and see,
With senses lulled away,
And what the ocean says or sings to me
I strive in vain to say.

Something there is beneath that constant moan
That utterance seeks in vain;
Like some dim memory, some hidden tone,
That, helpless, haunts the brain.

But all my thoughts, like sea-weed, swing and sway,
The sport of fantasy;
And visions pass before me far away,
Like vessels out at sea—

Pass through my mind with an ideal freight,
And softly move along—
A sweet procession without care or weight,
Like disembodied song.

The "Mansard" Roof.

People who have recently had occasion to visit the leading cities of this country, will have noticed the extent to which the style of roof called the "Mansard" roof is gaining ground. New houses are very generally supplied with this roof, and the roofs of old buildings are being demolished to be replaced by it. This roof—variously known by the titles of "Crib" roof, "French" roof, and "Mansard" roof—was the invention of a celebrated French architect of the name of Francois Mansard, who was born in Paris in 1598. It has undergone many modifications since. The original form as first introduced was generally one story, but occasionally of two or three stories in height. In the latter case the upper stories in it were constantly lower in proportion ascending towards the peak of the roof; and the windows were small dormers, not much better than loop-holes, meant for a glimmering light in, and the ventilation of stowage chambers or mere lofts. The lower story, in the roof, that is, the first story above the main body of the structure, was always equal to and quite as desirable as either of those immediately beneath it. The form and construction of these old French roofs are always such as to secure a plumb or perpendicular wall within the rooms, with a very trifling loss of space, the inclination from a vertical line, in the entire altitude of a story, being scarcely more than the thickness of the walls.

This ancient style of the Mansard roof has been improved and modified to the point of combining great architectural beauty, externally, with economy of space and neatness of finish internally. Departing from the original idea of an additional range of rooms with horizontal ceilings and walls *d'aplomb*, this roof is now frequently carried up in the same material as forms the walls, with highly finished balustrades, etc. The smaller windows are oval and sometimes round, with exterior loop-holes for ornament. The chimney-stacks, carried up to a considerable height, are usually a marked feature of the Parisian modern Mansard roof. Slate is commonly employed for the covering, with tin for all gutters and weathering. Balustrades, as elsewhere mentioned, are seldom omitted in these roofs by the French. This, one of the most salient and indispensable characteristics, is entirely overlooked in most of the Mansard roofs in this country.—*American Artisan.*

Sidewalk Etiquette.

Only persons with old ideas any longer contend that ladies shall always be given the inside of the pavement in passing. The rule adopted in cities is to turn to the right, whether the right leads to the wall or to the gutter, and an observance of this common-sense rule would obviate much unpleasant "scrouging" by over-gallant gentlemen who persistently crowd for the outside of the walk.

Another common custom not required by fashionable etiquette, and one which is nearly as inexplainable and absurd as the practice of a whole string of men filing out of a church pew, making themselves as ridiculous as an "awkward squad" practising at "catching step," in order to give a woman the wrong end of the pew, is that of a man, when on a promenade or walk with a lady, to keep himself on the outside of the pavement. A little exercise of judgment will convince any person of the utter uselessness of this bobbing back and forth at every corner. The common rule is this: "If a man and woman are walking, she should always be at his right arm, whether it be towards the inside or outside of the walk; then the woman will not be shoved against the passers." Others hold however, that the lady always should be on the gentleman's left in the streets, in order to allow him the free use of his right hand.

The Influence of Newspapers.

A school teacher, who has been engaged for a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:—

I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes, and of all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires of others, as the newspaper has made them acquainted with the location of the important places of nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians; for, having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspapers, from the commonplace advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and constantly analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and more connectedly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers are always taking the lead in the debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.

Different Kinds of Matches.

Some one classes marriages under three heads: Love matches, money matches, and last leg matches. The love match is nearly obsolete in high life, clothes and a fine establishment being now the chief end of woman. The money match is now the joy of matrons and fathers, and has come very generally to be the ambition of young maidens who are not too much impregnated with romantic notions. The last leg match on the part of a man is that which is consummated between an old bachelor and some penniless damsel whom he chooses to nurse his weakness and soothe his gout, and who is able to be very affectionate to him because she knows she won't have to do it long. The last leg match on the part of a woman is that between a young lady of thirty-five or thereabouts, who has passed a great many courtships unscathed, and who finally becomes panic-stricken lest she should never marry, and so lavishes herself on the first antiquated masculine who thereafter bids for her hand.

There is another kind of match, which is better than all or either of the above—the Sensible Love Match. Love and Good Sense are the foundations of these matches. The parties love well, and love wisely, those who are worthy of love. And marry when Prudence says it is prudent and wise to marry. In these matches wealth is no object; but a sure means of a sufficient and comfortable support is. For no matter how much two persons may love each other, marriage demands a reasonable and regular supply of money to maintain itself.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and the pebble go attended by their own shadows. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side; the river its bed in the soil; the animal leaves its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting, the way of its march; every act of man inscribes its memory on its fellows and his own face. The air is full of sound, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda, signatures, and every object is covered with hints which speak to the intelligent.

☞ All mankind are happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

AGRICULTURAL.

Watering Horses.

Horses should never be kept so long without water that will drink largely when they get it. Give it to them often, and they will never injure themselves with it. Nothing is more common than to hitch a team to the plough, and make them work half a day without a drop. What man would submit to such treatment? If the plough is started at seven in the morning, water should be given again before ten, and again in the afternoon by four o'clock. Even if half an hour is thus consumed, more work will be done in a day. The objection that horses on the road should not be "loaded with water," is not valid. A horse weighing 1,200 pounds will not be much encumbered additionally by twenty pounds of water, while the distension will give him additional strength. Every farmer knows that when he himself undertakes to lift a large log or heavy stone, he can do more by first inflating himself with air, and not unfrequently he loses a button or two from his pantaloons in the operation. Some degree of inflation by water will add to a horse's strength in a similar manner. In driving a horse on the road at a natural gait of nine or ten miles an hour, I have frequently had occasion to observe that he was laboring with perspiration until I let him drink freely, when he ceased to sweat and evidently travelled more freely. Don't be afraid to give your horse water; the danger is in making them abstain too long, in which case, care is needed.—*Acer in Country Gentleman.*

Defend the Weak Cattle.

Some farmers are not as careful as their true interests require them to be in separating weak stock from the strong and aggressive when the season of storms and feeding comes round. In most herds embracing any considerable number, will be found some animals diminutive in size and timid in proportion to their physical weakness, which the more vigorous attack whenever a modest effort is made to share in the food supplied. They are hooked here and chased there by the strong, and should enlist the care and sympathy of their owner. It will pay well to provide a separate enclosure for such animals till sufficiently developed to hold their own, at feeding time, or, till they are rendered fit to be disposed of in some other way to advantage. If left to shirk for themselves they will be likely to go under before spring, or should they winter through they will be in a condition so exhausted as to render them next to valueless for that season.

Cutting Timber to Last.

Mr. Skinner, an experienced farmer of Herkimer county, N. Y., recently stated before the Little Falls Farmers' Club that he always cut timber when it was frozen, in order that it might last a long time without decay. He was aware that other seasons of the year were recommended. He had tried all seasons and with a number of varieties of wood, and no timber lasted so well as that cut in winter when the timber was frozen. He said a hemlock stick used as a stringer for bridges would last longer when the bark was left on. He had observed it often, and gave as a reason that the bark kept the wood moist. He thought the best timber for sills, or for building purposes, was red elm; next in order was oak, white elm and red beach. For pins, the raves of wood sleds, and bolsters to wagons, there was no timber he preferred to red elm.

The Best Firewood.

Some years ago, Mr. Marcus Bull published the result of his experiments with wood of different kinds. He found rough-bark hickory the best, and five per cent. superior to pig-nut. White oak and white ash stand next. One reason of the difference in woods is in their power of yielding coals and a coal surface. Soft woods, as pine and chestnut, give few coals, or none. Mr. Bull found swamp-maple, chestnut, and pine one-half as valuable as hickory and rock birch. There is a great difference in the oaks. Red and black are worth twenty-five per cent. less than white oak. Of green wood, the best is ash. Next is hickory and the aromatic black birch, the most charming fuel ever laid on a pair of fire dogs.

RECEIPTS.

BEEF A LA MENAGERE.—Take about twenty rather small onions, brown them in a frying-pan with a little butter, and when they have taken a bright color, sprinkle over them a little flour or some bread-crumbs. Remove the onions to a stewpan, taking care not to break them. Add a teacupful of broth, the piece of beef, whole, a sufficient seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and a bouquet of sweet herbs. Let the whole simmer over a slow fire for about two hours. Serve the beef on a dish, and arrange the onions round it.

A SAVORY CHICKEN PIE.—Choose three spring chickens, taking care that they are tender, and not too large; draw them, and season them with pounded mace, pepper, and salt, and put a large lump of fresh butter into each of them. Lay them in a pie-dish with the breasts upwards, and lay at the top of each two thin slices of bacon; these will give them a pleasant flavor. Boil four eggs hard, cut them into pieces, which lay about and among the chickens; also a few mushrooms. Pour a pint of good gravy into the dish, cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

RECIPE FOR MUTTON HAMS.—This recipe is for a ham of 20 lb. or 25 lb.; 3 oz. black pepper, 3 oz. saltpetre, ½ lb. coarse sugar, 2½ lb. of salt. The day but one after killing, mix the pepper, saltpetre, and sugar, and rub well into every part of the ham only once and for ten minutes; then cover the ham with the salt, lay it upon a flat dish, or deep stone trough, for three weeks or a month; baste it with the brine every day. When the ham is taken out, dip it in cold water before you hang it up to dry.—H. H. W.

TO MAKE YEAST DUMPLINGS.—Take from two to three pounds of dough prepared from the best flour. Add as much yeast to it as when worked in with the hand will give it a good light sponge. Let it stand before a gentle fire until it is sufficiently risen. Then subdivide the mass into as many dumplings as may be required; turn them round in your hand extremely light, and carefully drop them into a saucepan or copper of scalding water; let them boil for twenty minutes, when they will be done. When brought to table, let them be served up with a sauce composed of butter melted in milk, with jam or jelly introduced into it.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

My 1st is in health, but not in life.
My 2d is in husband, but not in wife.
My 3d is in lament, but not in cry.
My 4th is in expert, as well as in spry.
My 5th is in lovely and also in good.
My 6th is in nourishment, but not in food.
My 7th is in farthing, but not in penny.
My whole is a visitor welcome to many.

W. A. PERKINS.

South Cedar, Kansas.

Riddle.

I am composed of four letters.
Behead me, and I speak of the present.
Again omit and I signify indebtedness.
My 4, 3, 2, expresses success.
My 1, 3, 4, is an animal.
My 3, 4, 2, marks possession.
My 1, 3, 2, is a male.
My whole is something pure and beautiful, and belongs to the present season.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

There are three numbers in Geometrical Progression whose continued product is 216, and the sum of their cubes is 1071. Required—the numbers.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

A bag contains 5 apples. A boy takes an apple out of the bag, and then puts it back again; he does this 5 times. Required—the probability that the boy has had every one of the apples in his hand.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

An open vessel in shape of an inverted circular cone is set upon its point, measures in altitudinal height 14 inches, and its open wide end above 8 inches in diameter. Now, if a sphere of 10 inches in diameter is placed on top of the said open tapering vessel, sinking partly into it, namely, to the depth the aperture will allow, how much empty space will yet remain in said tapering conical vessel?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a sick eagle flying like a bank robber? Ans.—Because it's an ill-eagle proceeding.

☞ When a man runs for office, what kind of a sweetmeat does he become? Ans.—A candidate.

☞ When is a dandy buried alive? Ans.—When there's a *swell in the ground.*

☞ If I were in the sun and you out of it, what would the sun become? Ans.—Sin.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. METAGRAM.—Pine. (Nine, The Muses, Pone, Pike, Pink.)

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 31st.—103 voted for A and B; 47 voted for A and C, and 17 voted for B and C—Artemas Martin, F. M. Priest, J. N. Soders, J. Scott and T. Wilson. A and F 177, A and C 47, and B and C 17 votes—J. M. Greenwood.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—A receives $18 and B $6—W. H Morrow, T. Wilson, J. Scott, S. S. Knox, J. N. Soders. A $14, B $10—J. M. Greenwood. A $120, B $96—F. M. Priest.

Answers to W. T. Stonebraker's QUERY of same date—There cannot be an end of prime numbers. Supposing there could, let p be the last prime, and let N denote the product of all the prime numbers, 2, 3, 5, 7, . . . &c., up to p. Every number is either a prime or divisible by a prime; but N+1 is not divisible by 2, 3, 5, 7, . . . , or p, since it leaves a remainder of 1 in every case. Hence N+1 is a prime, which is necessarily greater than p, the greatest prime number, which is absurd. Therefore prime numbers no not cease to exist at any point, however remote. A. Martin, J. M. Greenwood and Francis M. Priest.

There is no point or limit in numbers, beyond which no prime number can be found; or in other words, no assignable prime number is the greatest prime possible. This may be demonstrated thus:

Every whole number is either a prime number, or a multiple of a prime number; and every multiple of a prime number is divisible by a prime number. Therefore every number, which is not divisible by any prime number, is itself a prime number. Now if there be no prime numbers beyond a certain limit, let n represent the greatest possible prime number; and multiply n, continually, by *all* the prime numbers less than itself. Let the product of this continual multiplication be represented by m. Then, m must be divisible by every possible prime number; and, therefore, m+1 can be divided by no prime number whatever without a remainder of 1. m+1 is, therefore, a prime number, and it is much greater than n, which, by hypothesis, is the greatest possible prime number. Hence, the supposition that any assignable prime number is the greatest prime possible, involves an absurdity, and is, therefore, untrue. J. Scott.

ORANGE TART.—Grate the peel of one orange, and put the juice with it, (keeping away the pips,) also the juice and peel of half a lemon, quarter of a pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, carefully melted, two eggs, leaving out one of the whites; beat them well together, and having lined a tart-tin with thin paste, fill it with the mixture, and bake it a quarter of an hour, or a little more if requisite.

TO DRIVE RATS AWAY.—An Iowa farmer states that, being troubled with rats, he caught one and poured kerosene oil on it, then let it go. The result was the rats left for parts unknown, and have not been heard from since. The experiment is worth a trial.

☞ At Lynn, Mass., a school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "Law," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it; he wasn't an Irishman."